The end of this gaue life vnto a grone,
As if her *life* and it had beene but one;
Yet ſhee as careleſſe of reſeruing eyther,
If poſſible would leaue them both together.
It was the faire *Marina*, almoſt ſpent
With griefe and feare of future famiſhment.
For (hapleſſe chance) but the laſt roſie Morne
The willing *Redbreſt* flying through a Thorne,
Againſt a prickle gor'd his tender ſide,
And in an inſtant, ſo, poore creature dyde.
Thetis much mou'd with thoſe ſad notes ſhe heard,
Her freeing thence to *Triton* ſoone referr'd;
Who found the Caue as ſoone as ſet on ſhore,
And by his ſtrength remouing from the dore
A weighty ſtone, brought forth the fearefull Mayde,
Which kindly led where his faire *Miſtreſſe* ſtaid
Was entertain'd as well became her ſort,
And with the reſt ſteer'd on to *Thetis Court*.
For whoſe releaſe from imminent decay
My *Muſe* a while will here keepe *Holy-day*.

The end of the ſecond Booke.

A DIALOGVE

bothe pleaſaunte and pietifull, wherein is a godly regimente againſt the feuer Peſtilence with a conſolacion and comfort againſt death.

Newly corrected by wiliyam Bulleyn, the autour thereof.

¶ Imprinted at London, by Ihon Kingſton.

Marcii. Anno ſaluti, M.D.LXIIII.

¶TO. THE RIGHT VVO[rshipfull] *ſhipfull and his ſingulare goo[d]* frende, maiſter Edward Barret of Belhous of Eſſex, Eſquier: Willyam Bulleyn ſendeth ſalutacions.

RIght worſhipfull ſir, if any chamber, haule, galerie, or any newe decked houſe were apparelled or hanged, all in one mourning dark colour, it would rather moue ſorowe then gladneſſe: but no pleaſure to the beholders of theſame. Therefore, the diuerſitee or varietæ of pleaſaunt colours, doe grace and beautifie theſame, through the ſettyng forthe of ſondrie ſhapes: and as it were, to compell the comers in, to beholde the whole worke. Euen ſo I dooe commende vnto you this little booke (wherein I write parte thereof in youre owne houſe) whiche doe intreate of ſondry thynges, to you I doe hope not vnprofitable, wherein I haue ſhortly deſcribed our poore nedie brother his pouerte. Callyng

of the mercileſſe riche, whoſe whole truſt is in the vain riches of this worlde, intangled as it were emong Byers. So that in the hower of death, God is cardeſt from his mynde, and the gooddes euill gotten, are worſe ſpent, and come to nothyng, at what tyme no Phiſike can preuaile. I haue alſo not forgotten the shamefull ſynne, whiche raigneth in this worlde called ingratitude whiche linially came frō the loines of that falſe vilain Judas: neither the Sicophantes, Gnatos, Liars and Flatterers of this worlde, the verie poiſon of the ſoule. Oh better ſaieth Salomon, is the woundes of the frende, then the kiſſes of the flatterer. Furder, how many meanes mate bee vſed againſt the Peſtilence, as good aire, diete, medicenes accordingly: the whiche if it do not preuaile, then commeth on the mercileſſe power of death ouer al fleſhe: fearing no kyng, Quene, Lorde, Ladie, bonde or ſlaue, but rather maketh all creatures a like to hym. Then dooe I conclude with the deuine, Gods chief and moſte beſte inſtrument in the churche. &c. And as I dooe well conſider, a gentilmanne of your good nature, can but take your freindes ſimple

token

token in good parte. Euen so I am sorie that it is no better to pleasure you, yet geuyng GOD moste humble thankes for the same, who kepe you in good health & worship.

This. xij. of Marche. 1564.

Yours euer William Bulleyn.

Nullus vnquam hominem mortalem beatum indicet, antequam bene defunctum viderit.

¶ TO THE Reader.

GOod reader, when aduersitie arawethnere to any citee or toune, and the vengeaunce of GOD appereth, either by hũger, ſickenes or the ſworde, then mannes nature is moſte fearfull, but yet worldly prouidence to helpe thẽ ſelues: whiche in the tyme of proſperitee or quietneſſe is careles and forgetfull, neither mindefull to fear God, nor pitifull to helpe their neighbour in aduerſitee. And whẽ thei are touched by the fearfull ſtroke of the Peſtilence of their nexte neighboure, or els in their owne familie, then thei vſe medicines, flie the aire. &c. VVhiche in deede are verie

verie good meanes, and not againſte Gods worde ſo to doe: then other ſome falleth into ſodain deuocion, in geuyng almoſe to the poore and neadie, which before haue dooen nothyng els but oppreſſed thē, and haue doen thē wrong: Other doe looke frō their hartes Gods liuelie woorde, and refuſe grace, offered by Chriſtes ſpirite, thinkyng there is no GOD. Some other are preuented by death in their flouriſhyng yeares, whiche in the Croſſe of death, haue their onely conſolacion in Ieſus Chriſt. All this is diſcribed here in this plain Dialogue: praiyng you pacientlie to take it in good parte. From him that is yours to commaunde.

W. Bulleyn.

glorioſior eſt quam mala vita.



¶ *The interlocutours are*
twelue perſones.

Mendicus.	Chriſpinus.
Ciuis.	Auarus.
Vxor.	Ambo dexter.
Medicus.	Mendax.
Antonius.	Mors.
Roger.	Theologus.

Mendicus.

GOd ſaue my gud Maiſter and Maiſtres, the barnes, and all this haly houſhade, and ſhilde you from all doolle and ſheun, and ſende you comforte of all thynges that you waud haue good of: and God and our dere leddie, ſhilde and defend you from this Peſte. Our father whiche art in heauen, hallowed bee your name, your kyngdome come, your will bee doen in yearth as it is in heauen. ꝛc.

Ciuis.

Me thinke I doe heare a good manerlie begger at the dooꝛe, and well bꝛought vp, how reuerently he ſaieth his Pater noſter, he thoues not GOD, but you hyne, Gods bleſſing on his hart. I pꝛaie you wife, giue

ye poore man some thing to his diner.

Vxor.

Sir, I will heare hym saie the Lordes prayer better, before I giue him any thing.

Ciuis.

What a reconyng is this? Dame doe as I commaunde you, he is poore, wee haue plentie, he is very pore and hongrie, therefore dispatche him a Gods name.

Vxor.

Soft fire maketh sweete Malte, he shall tary my leasure.

Mendicus.

Maistres, if you be angrie with the saieyng of my Pater noster in Englishe, I wil saie it in Latin, and also my Deprofundis. But so God helpe me, I doe not ken nene of theim beth.

Vxor.

I thinke the same: soche Carpenter, soche thippes, your curate is some honest man I warraunt you, and taketh moche paine in feding his flocke, as seemeth by your learning. I praie you what coūtrie mā be you?

Mendicus.

Sauyng youre honour gud Maistres, I was borne in Redesdale in Northumberlande,

lande, and came of a wight riding ſtruame called the Robſons, gud honeſte men and true, ſauyng a little ſhiftyng for their liuyng, God helpe them ſillie pure men.

Vxor.

What doeſt thou here in this countree, me thinke thou art a Scot by thy tongue.

Mendicus.

Trowe me neuer mare then gud deam, I had better bee hanged in a Withie of a Cowtaile, then be a rowfooted Scotte, for thei are euer fare and falſe: I haue been a fellon ſharpe manne on my handes in my yõg daies, and brought many of the Scottes to grounde in the North Marches, and gaue them many greiſlie woundes, ne mã for man durſt abide me luke I was ſo fell. Then the limer Scottes hared me, burnte my gudes, and made dedly feede with me, and my barnes, that now I haue nethyng but this ſary bagge and this ſtaffe, and the charitie of ſike gud people as you are, gud maiſtres: auſe I haue many of my ſirname here in the citee, that wade thinke no ſhem on me, yea honeſte handcraftie men.

Ciuis.

How gote you in at the gates, my good frende?

ſtende?

Mendicus.

Deare ſir, I haue many contrith men in this faire citee, that came of honeſte ſtocke in our lande, and ſome a little beyonde vs twentie or threttie miles, that can make pure ſhifte in the citee, and in the countree auſe. I came in ne place but either the perſone, Bailie, Conestable, or chief of the pariſhe is of our countrith borne: and ſome pure men as myne awne ſelf God ken. Emong whem the Bedle of the beggers beyng a Ridesdale man borne, a gud manne and a true, whiche for ill will in his youth, did fleen the Countree, it was laied to his charge, the bringyng of Kine hem to his fathers byre: But Chriſte knaweth he was ſackles, and liue as honeſtlie in his age, as his ſire did whē he was yong, gud maiſter.

Cuis.

I was borne in the Northe my felowe, and dooe liue here in this citee, I came hether when I was young, and when I was verie poore, but now I am in good eaſe, to liue emong the reſte of my neighbours.

Mendicus.

Goddes benilon on you, and our deare

Ladies

ladies, I come hether purely in mine age, I haue nethyng but wedom.

Vxor.

Geue God onelie thankes, for so is his holie will and commaundementes, that wee should call vpon hym in the daies of trouble, and onely honour hym: wee haue no commaundement to honour our ladie.

Mendicus.

I think one woman wade take an other womannes part, doe as it shall please you I am ne clerke, but an ingram mã, of smal cideracion in soche arogant buke farles.

Ciuis.

What newes in the Countree, as you come by the waie? Countree man.

Mendicus.

Nene, but aude maners, faire saiynges, false hartes, and ne deuocion, God amende the Market, moche toilyng for the purse, deceiuyng of eche other: in the Countrey, strife, debate, runnyng for euery trifle to the Lawiers, hauing nething but the nutshelles, the Lawiers eate the Carnelles, ause moche reising of rētes, causing greate dearthe, mucle pouertee. God helpe, God helpe, the warde is sare chaunged: crtoꝛti-

oners,

uners, couetous men and hypocrites doe mucle preuaile, God cut them shorter, for thei doe make a blacke warlde, euen helle vppon yearth, I thinke the greate sende or his deam will wearie theim all, nene other newes I ken, but that I did see micle prouidence made in the countrée for you in the citee, whiche doe feare the Pestilẽce. I met with wagons, cartes, and horses, full ladẽ with young barnes, for feare of the blacke Pestilence, with their bores of medicines, and swete perfumes. O God, how fast did thei runne by hundredes, and wer afraied of eche other, for feare of smittyng.

Ciuis.

I haue some of my children forthe, God sende them well to spede.

Mendicus.

Maister, why goe you not with theim your self?

Ciuis.

No, youth are apte to take the Plague, and furder, parentes are more naturall to their childrẽ, then children to their fathers and mothers. Nature doeth descende, but not ascende: also if the citezẽ should departe when as the Plague doe come, then there should

ſhould not onely be no plague in the citee, but alſo the citee ſhould be voide and emptie, for lacke of the inhabitours therein, therefore Gods will bee doen emong his people. I doe not intende to flee, notwithſtãdyng I praie God of his mercie, deliuer vs from this plague, for if it doe continue GOD knoweth, it will not onely take awaie a nomber of poore people, but many wealthie and luſtie marchauntes alſo.

Mendicus.

If ſoche plague doe inſue, it is no greate loſſe. For, firſt it ſhal not onely deliuer, the miſerable poore man, woman and barne, from hurte and carefulneſſe, into a better warlde: but auſe cutte of many coueteous vſurers, whiche be like fat vncleane ſwine whiche doe neuer good, vntill thei come to the diſhe, but waſte out euery plaute that thei can come by. And like vnto great ſtinking mucke medin hilles, whiche neuer do pleaſure vnto the lande or grounde, vntill their heapes are caſte abrode to the profites of many, whiche are kepte neither to their awne comfortes, nor others, but onely in behadyng them: like vnto cruell dogges, lyng in a Maunger, neither eatyng

the

the Heye themselues, ne suffring the horse to feede thereof hymself. And in like Plagues, wee pure people haue micke gud. Their losse is our gaine, when thei do become naked, wee then are clethed againste their willes: with their dwles and almose, we are relieued, their sicknes is our health their death our life. Besides vs Beggers, many mee menne haue gud lucke, as the Curate, Parishe clarke, and the bell man, often times the executours be ne losers by this game. And in fine, in my fantasie it is happie to the huntman, when he haue nethyng of the Catte but the sillie skinne. Wee beggers, couet not for the carcas of the dedde body, but doe defie it, we loke for aude casse cootes, dublettes, hose, cappes, beltes and shoes by their deathes, whiche in their lines thei waude not depart from, and this is our happe.

Ciuis.

Go thy waies to Antonius Mantuanus gates: For thither, euen within this twoo howers, I did see Maister Antonius Capistranus, solemnelie riding vpon his Mule, with a side goune, a greate chaine of golde aboute his necke, his Apothecarie Senior

Crispinus

Crispinus, a neighbours childe, borne here by in Barbarie, and his little Lackeye, a proper yong applesquier, called Pandarus, whiche carieth the keye of the chāber with hym. These are all gone in at the gates to that noble Italian: his aulmner this date, bicause his maister was very sicke, applied the poore men with the purse, with moche deuocion for the time, being without hope of his Maisters recouerie.

Mendicus.

I praie God sende vs many like praies, for it is merie with vs, when ene mannes hurt, doe turne to many mennes gaines: I will go thither, fare you well gud Maister. I wil drawe nere, and herkē what maister doctour will saie, if I might be in place.

Ciuis.

Farewell, for thou doest not care, which ende doe goe forwarde, so that thy tourne maie be serued.

Medicus.

How dooe you good Maister Antonius? Lorde God how are you chaunged? How chaunceth this? What is the matter, that you looke so pale? You did sende for me by your seruaunt Iohannes de Corsica, a gen-

tle yong man, whiche lamented moche for you: and when I heard it, with all spæde I came from my other patientes, of whom I thinke I haue taken myne vltimum vale.

Antonius.

You are welcome Maister Doctour with all my harte, now helpe at a pinche: or els neuer, for I doe feare my self verie moche. Oy my harte.

Medicus.

I warraunt you man, let me feele your pulse, and then shall I procede to the cure, with Medicine and diete accordingly.

Antonius.

Take your pleasure good Maister Doctour, here is my hande: feele my pulse, and then you shall see myne vrine, and knowe the tyme of my sickncs.

Medicus.

These are no very good tokens, neither in your vrine, pulse, stoole. &c. But I will doe the beste for you that I can doe by art.

Antonius.

And then you shall wante no golde, for though I lacke helpe, yet I want no golde of euery coigne, and siluer also. My warehouses are well filled with wares of sõde-

tie

rie kindes, whiche I doe sell vnto the retalers. Furder I haue wares of moste auncient seruice, whiche owe me nothing, both in packes, bessels and chestes. &c. which are not fit for the retalers. Thé doe I kepe for shiftes, when any gentilmen, or long suter in the lawe, are behinde hande, and knowe not what to doe: then by good surctees, or assured landes by statute marchaunt. &c. I doe sometyme make. rrr. or. L. in the hundred by yere. I haue diuers soche honeste waies to liue vpon, through the wittie and secrete handlyng of my brokers here in the citee, and my factours, whiche are at Antwarpe. &c. By whom I doe vnderstand the state, and what cõmoditie is beste. Furder I haue ertended vpon auncient landes in the countrie, for the breche of couenauntes That to conclude with you maister doctor, I could neuer haue died in a worse tyme, my businesse is soche. I would of all thinges liue still, for here I doe knowe what I haue, and how I am vsed: but when I am gone, I doe not knowe what shall happen vnto me, nor whõ to trust with ỹ whiche I haue gotten with trauell, and obteined by fortune. Medicus.

You doe speake like a wise man as euer I harde, and moste thinges that you haue taken in hande, haue greate profite with you: of my parte I would bee lothe to lose you, bothe for an vnfained loue that I doe beare vnto you for your wisedome, and also for your liberalitee and giftes geuen to me many a tyme. Lo, here is the Damaske goune yet in store. Here is also a Flagone chaine of the hundred Angelles that you did geue me, in your last greate Feuer.

Antonius.

Who is able to resiste soche a multitude of Angelles, I thinke fewe Doctours of Phisike: But rather then I would dye, I will let flie a thousande more.

Medicus.

That is the waie I assure you, to perfite health: and for that cause the Phisician was ordeined, as it is written. Honour the Phisician, with the honour that is due vnto hym, because of necessitie, for the Lorde haue created him, and he shall receiue giftes of the kyng.

Antonius.

That is a good swete text for Phisicians, but why doe you leaue out these woordes, in

in the middes of the matter: Whiche is: of the moste highefte cometh learning, and so I doe remember, I heard our curate read in the churche, as by chaunce I came in with a Sargeant, to areft twoo Bankeroutes.

Medicus.

What your curate pleased him to read, I care not, for I medle with no Scripture matters, but to ſerue my tourne: But I knowe that, whiche I haue ſaied, is writeten in the Bible.

Antonius.

Bee all thynges written in the Bible true: I praie you tell me:

Medicus.

God forbidde Maiſter Antonius, then it would make a fraie emong Parchaunutes, for it is writtē. None ſhall enter into godes dwelling, or reſte with hym vpon his Mountaine, that lendeth his money vpon vſurie, or to vſurie, whereby to hinder his neighbour: And this is now become the greateſt trade. And many bee vndoone by borowyng, and fewe doe loſe by lendyng, ſpeciallie men of your worſhipfull experience. And how like you this texte: Pſalm. xv.

Antonius.

Verte how thei will verte, I will truste none of them all, saie what thei will: there bee many soche saiynges againste men, as the ten commaundementes. &c. Well, for my parte, I haue litle to doe in these matters, Marie I would be glad to liue orderlie and Ciuillie, so that the worlde should not wonder at my doynges: but if dampnacion should arise, when the Scriptures doe threaten it to men, then should wittie wordes in bargaining. with facing othes, and pleasaunt venerous table talke, with reuiling of our enemies. &c. bee accompted damnacion. Thus I warrant you, helle is well furnished with courtiers, marchauntes, souldiours, housebandmen, and some of the clergie, I warrant you also. Emong whom there are many more spitefull then Spiritualle, euen as there are emong the Phisicias, many more couetous then kind harted. I meane not you maister doctour.

Medicus.

Sir, I dooe knowe you dooe not. But so God helpe me, one thyng doeth moche reioyce my harte, in your communication.

Antonius.

What is that?

Medicus

Medicus.

I thinke that we two are of one religiō.

Antonius.

What is that I praie you: For I know not myne owne religion.

Medicus.

Commaunde your folkes to departe out of the chamber, and your yong scapes also whiche you haue gotten by chaunce medley, for wante of mariage: for the old prouerbe is, small Pitchers haue wide eares, and the fielde haue ives, and the wood haue eares, therefore wee muste commen closelie, and beware of blabbes.

Antonius.

Well, nowe the doores are sparred, saie on your minde, of what Religion are you: Be plain with me man.

Medicus.

Yerke in your eare sir, I am neither catholike, Papiste, Protestante, nor Annabaptiste, I assure you.

Antonius.

What then: you haue rehearsed choyce and plētie of religions. What doe you honour: the Sonne, the Mone, or the starres, Beast, Stone, or Foule, Fishe or Tree:

Medicus.

No forsothe. I doe none of them all. To be plain, I am a Nulla fidian, and there are many of our secte.

Antonius.

Oh. Qui dixit in corde suo non est deus. Well, we differ verie little in this poincte, but if I doe liue, we shall drawe nere to an vnitee: in the meane time, let your Pothicarie prouide some good thinges for the bodie. I praie you open the dooze.

Medicus.

Maisters, I praie you call Crispinus hether into the Gallarie, and Leonardus de Montano with hym.

Crispine.

What is your pleasure maister doctour?

Medicus.

How doe you like this Garden?

Crispine.

There are plētie of goodly herbes, bothe clensing, healing, losing, binding, and restoring. I neuer did see more choice of sondrie kindes of straūge flowers, moste pleasaunt to the eye, and sweete also. The fine knottes are doen by good arte, Geometrically figured. A sweete conduite in the mid-

dest,

deſt, made of fine ſtone, plentifully, caſting forth water, like fine ſiluer ſtreames many waies. In whiche condite, I did behold by the ſpace of one houre a meruelous thing, the meaning thereof I knowe not.

Medicus.

What was it Criſpine?

Criſpine.

The piller was eight foote ſquare, and eightene fote high, with compartementes of conning Maſonrie, curiouſlie couered with fine golde. Upon the toppe a Tyger fearfullie, hauing a young child in his armes readie to kill it, the child had a croune of golde vppon his hedde. And in his lefte hande a Globe, figuring the whole worlde and was called Microcoſmos, about whiche was written Globus conuerſus eſt.

Medicus.

This gentleman came of a greate houſe, this is the creſt of his armes, for he deſcended of the moſt auncient Romaines I warrant you, he is no vpſtrat, aſſure your ſelf.

Criſpine.

I had thought it had rather ſignified the condicions of a cruell tiraunt, or ſome blowdie conquerour; which by vſurpation get-

lyng the victorie of any common weal the, as Landes, Countrees or Cities, ffreſo-nes doo ſpoile the true heires and owners of the lande, whiche doe weare the croune chaunge the ſtate of the Commons to the worſer parte, ſpoiling theim with ſworde and bondage, whiche appeared by theſe wordes: Globus conuerſus eſt: the worlde is chaunged or tourned.

Medicus.

A good obſeruacion: what did you ſe then?

Criſpine.

I did beholde on the one ſide the .ix. Muſes, with ſtraunge inſtrumentes of Muſike ſittyng vnder the hille Parnaſus, and the Poetes ſittyng vnder the grene trees, with Laurell garlandes, beſette with Roſes about their heddes, hauyng golden pennes in their handes, as Homer, Heſiodus, Ennius. &c. writing verſes of ſondrie kindes. And Lucanus ſaite there verie highe, nere vnto the Cloudes, apparelled in Purple: ſatyng.

Quantum ſermotus ego:
Cardine Pernaſus gemino petit ethe-

ra colle.

Motis Phœbo Bromioq; ſacer:

And nere them ſatte old Poyall Gowre, with pleaſaunt penne in hande, commending honeſte loue without luſte, and pleaſure without pryde. Holineſſe in the Clergie, no tirannie in rewlers, no falſhode in Lawiers, no Vſurie in Marchauntes, no rebellion in the Commons, and vnitee among kingdomes. &c.

Skelton ſatte in the corner of a Piller, with a froſte bitten face, frowning, and is ſcante yet cleane cooled of the hotte burning cholour, kindled againſte the cankered Cardinalle Wolſey: writing many a ſharpe diſticons, with blodie pēne againſt him, and ſente theim by the infernalle ryuers Styx Flegiton, and Acheron, by the Ferriman of helle called Charon, to the ſaid Cardinalle.

How the Cardinall came of nought
And his prelacie ſolde and bought,
And where ſoche Prelates bee,
Sprong of lowe degree:

And

And ſpirituall dignitee,
Farewell benignitee,
Farewell ſimplicitee,
Farewell humanitee,
Farewell good charitee.
Thus paruum literatus,
Came from Rome gatus,
Doctour dawpatus,
Scante a bachelaratus.
And thus Skelton did ende,
With Wolſey his frende.

Whittie Chaucer ſate in a chaire of gold couered with Roſes, writyng Proſe and Rime, accompanied with the ſpirites of many kinges, knightes, and faire ladies. Whom he pleaſauntlie beſprinkeled with the ſweete water of the welle, conſecrated vnto the Muſes, ecleped Aganippe. And as his heauenlie ſpirite cõmended his dere Bigham, for the woorthie intombing of his bones, woorthie of memorie, in the long ſleping chamber, of moſte famous kinges

Euen

Euen so in tragedie, he bewailed the sodaine resurrection of many a noble man, before their time: in spoiling of Epitaphes wherby many haue lost their inheritaũce &c. And furder thus he saied lamenting.

Coueteous menne dooe catche, all that thei maie haue,
The fielde and the flocke, the toumbe and the graue:
And as thei abuse riches, and their graues that are gone,
The same measure thei shall haue euery one,
Set no buriall hurteth holie menne, though beastes them deuour,
Nor riche graue preuaileth the wicked, for all yearthly power.

Lamentyng Lidgate, lurkyng emong the Lilies, with a balde skons, with a garlande of Willowes aboute his pate: booted he was after Saincte Benettes guise, and a blacke Stamell robe, with a lothlie monste-

monsterous bode hanging backward, his stooping forwarde bewailing euery estate with the spirite of prouidence. Foresey ng the falles of wicked men, and the slipperie seates of Princes, the ebbyng and flowing the risyng and fallyng of men in authoritee, and how vertue doe aduaunce the simple, and vice ouerthrowe the moost noble of the worlde. And thus he saied.

Oh noble Princes conceiue and dooe lere,
The fall of kynges for misgouernere,
And prudently peisyng this matter,
Vertue is stronger then either plate or maile:
Therefore consider when wisedome dooe counsaile,
Chief preseruatiue of Princelie magnificence,
Is to almightie GOD to dooe due reuerence.

Then Bartley with an hoopyng visa-

sette

lette long coate, with a prette hoode in his necke, and fiue knottes vppon his girdle, after Frances trickes. He was borne beyonde the colde Riuer of Twede. He lodged vppon a sweete bedde of Chamomill, vnder the Sinamon tree: aboute him many Shepherdes and shepe, with pleasaunt pipes: greatlie abhorring the life of Courtiers, Citezens Vsurers, and Banckruptes. &c. whose old daies are miserable. And the estate of shepherdes and countree people, he compted moste happiest and surest. Saiyng:

VVho entroth the Courte in young & tender age.
Are lightlie blinded with folie and outrage:
But soche as entre with witte and grauitee:
Bowe not so sone to soche enormitee:
But or thei enter if thei haue learned nought,

After:

Afterward is vertue the leſt of their thought.

Nexte theim in a blacke chaire of Gette ſtone, in a coate of armes ſatte an auncient knight, in Orenge Tawnie, as one forſaken, bearyng vpon his breaſt a white Lion, with a Croune of riche golde on his hedde: his name was ſir Dauie Linſe, vppon the mounte, with a hammer of ſtrong ſteele in his hande, breakyng a ſonder the counterfeicte croſſe kaies of Rome, forged by Antichriſte. And thus this good knight of Scotlande ſaied, to Englande the elder brother, and Scotlande the younger.

Habitare fratres in vnum,
Is a bleſſfull thyng,
One God, one faith, one baptiſme pure
One lawe, one lande, and one kyng:
Clappe handes together brethren dere
Vnfained truce together make,
And like frendes dooe euer accorde,
But Frenche and Romaine doe firſte
forſake,

forſake,
You are without the continent,
A ſole lande of auncient fame,
Ab origine a people olde,
Bolde Britaines ecleped by name,
Sicut erat in principio:
Graunt oh God it maie bee,
In ſæcula ſæculorum,
That we maie haue peace in thee,
Then we ſhall feare no forein power,
That againſte vs ſhall aduaunce,
The Tartre cruell, the curſe of Rome
Ne yet the power of Fraunce. &c.

On the ſeconde ſquare was a faire diall for this Diſon, vnto whiche was added the howers of the planettes, vpon theſame was written in large letters of fine golde, Tempora labuntur.

Medicus.

There ſtoppe and late a Straiwe. For Tempora labuntur, is to ſaie: by little and

little, time dooe slippe awaie. I will heare the reste of the matter at leasure. What is it a cloche?

Crispine.

But early daie, thant. viij. of the cloche.

Medicus.

Well I praie you, dispence all thinges in order Contra Pestem, in the same sorte, bothe noumber of the Simples, Dose and quantitee, euen as you did it yesterdaie, whiche was geuen to Paule.

Crispine.

Sir, I haue spente all my fine Pyrhe, what shall I doe?

Medicus.

You are a wise manne, put in Quid pro quo, called ἀντιβαλλόμενα. Hoc est simplicia quæ aliorum facultati simulium penuria subponi possunt medici consilio. Intelligis?

Crispinus.

Etiam domine Doctor.

Medicus.

Moue te otius, & quicquid agas prudenter agas.

Crispine.

By God he shall paie for the malt grin-

dyng,

ding, he haue enough, he know none ende of his pelfe, it will come to an euill ende. God sende me more soche cheates. What, me thinke I se twoo men in long gounes, with shorte beardes at the gates, what are thei a Gods name?

Medicus.

I knowe them verie well, thei are twoo pettifoggers in the Lawe, the one is called maister Auarus, a good gentleman, and of a greate house, a man of good conscience, in deede he is my cosen germaine, on my mothers side: Hurelie he can geue good counsaile, and is fitte to be with soche a manne, as maister Antonius is, in deede thei haue ben long acquainted, and will neuer giue ouer vnto the ende.

Crispine.

Who is the other on the lefte hande, he semeth to be a proper gentlemanne and a studious, he is leane, an handsome clenlie man. We thinke he haue on eche side of his goune a bagge, and his hande in theim.

Medicus.

Euery man haue his grace and gesture: I promise you, I durste committe a greate secrete vnto him. Oh he is a peragon.

Crispine.

What meaneth he by winckyng like a Goose in the raine, and biting of his lippe.

Medicus.

A constaunte manne by his gesture.

Doe you note that? It is a good signe of a constante man, marke it when you will, he is a wittie fellowe, and one that is in greate estimacion, sit for maister Antonius, his name is Ambodexter. Goe downe with spede, and saie you haue geuen maister Antonius his purgacion, and this daie he haue no leasure to speake with any mã, and also how that he is amended: for, if the curate were here for the soule, wee for the bodie, & Auarus for the purse: here wer but a madde company, we should neuer agree together, but fall into discordes. Dispatche them with spede, fare ye well. I wil goe and cause him to bee letten blood, and kepe him from slepe, then shall he bee purged to morowe in the morning. Bring the poulder against the plague with you.

A blacke sanctus.

Crispine.

GOD geue you good morowe gentille maister Auarus: what maister Ambodexter, how fare you bothe: maister Antonius did moche desire to haue spoken with you, eight

eight howres paſte. In deede within this two houres, ſauyng your worſhippes, he hath taken a purgacion, whiche haue caſte ſoche aire abrode, that I was not hable to abide in the chamber, I had forgotten my perfumes, to make all well.

Auarus.

What thinke you of hym, ſhall he eſcape or no? What is with hym? I praie you tell me.

Criſpine.

None but Docto; Capiſtranus, whiche alſo deſire your abſence, becauſe he haue hym in cure: and truſte to make hym ſleepe after his lacke of reſt, and to morowe take your pleaſure with hym.

Auarus.

Fare ye well: we haue drawen and ingroſſed his bookes, commende vs to maiſter Doctour, it were a good paſtyme, to take the foote clothe from his Mule, for .iij. or three houres in paſtyme.

Ambodexter.

I had rather haue the Mule.

Auarus.

What the deuill doeth this doctor here? If this purgyng wer not, we would cenſe

and expulse with our resettes, that whiche
should serue our tourne well enough.

Ambodexter.

I warraunt you the Doctour doe make
worke for vs bothe: wee shall bryng our
matters to passe in good time, take no care
man for the matter, we will preuente the
doctor to morowe, when he cometh hether
with a presente, and bring him some prette
thinges, wherin he delyteth: we shall finde
sochc meanes to perswade with him by lit-
tle and little, to be executors of his will, ac-
cording to his old promise. Further, he wil
take it kindely, that we doe claime kinred
on hym by his mothers side, whiche was a
kinde harted woman, and full of merrie,
ha, ha, ha. She was in deede of those qua-
lities, her sonne is like the mother, as see-
meth by one in the house.

Auarus.

I feare that damosell will marre all to-
gether: she doeth rule the rost, she ware the
keies. He cã neuer haue her out of his sight
yet Reinold his man thinketh hymselfe, in
more estimacõ with her, then his maister.

Ambodexter.

The last yere I counterfeted a sickenes
of

of purpose, as I can when I lust, I framed my petition to my phantasie, no manne thought that I should haue liued two dayes, when I was a lone I laughed. You remember whom I made myne executor, euen Antonius Mantuanus, I then prouidentlie by three tryngs, did foresee this tyme and cause. The first was, his greate surfeites in banquetyng: the seconde, his watchyng at Chesse and Cardes, the third you knowe what.

Auarus.

Well, well, be as be maie is no bāning: I doe feare many thinges. First the medicines maie chaunce recouer him, then wee shall haue nothyng. Well, Reinolde and the damosel be euer in presence, and watch him: she cheares her maister with a louing countenaunce. Reinold saies, that he hath doen true seruice a long time. &c. Well, I smelle an other padde in the strawe: when all this is doen, the curate is a craftie Rhetorician, well can he perswade and reherse Gods vengeaunce, threates and plagues, by examples moste fearfull, like thonderboltes, describing the scalding bous of hel, ve, ve, ve, with the storie of Dines and Pau-

per, and the date of iudgement, reading the homelie of death, cryyng out al is but vanitie, vanitie, and veracion of minde, damnacion, except repentaunce, and true confession frō the harte, & restitucion of wrongges, he will kepe a stirr, and bring our cosin into a fooles paradise. It is he that will raise vp all the beggers in the toun: he wil crie, geue with your own hand, for to date you are a man, to morowe yearth & ashes.

A craftie villaine.

Ambodexter.

First, let vs be sober, and seme to bee sorowfull for him, desiring nothing but onely his life. If he stand in great daunger, the doctor shall haue his leaue, and tary no lōger with him, in whō I thinke he haue no hope to recouer, let him be well rewarded. Secondly let Reinold be sent into the coūtree, to the debtours for money: tell hym it shall tourne to his greate profite, and how his maister doeth intēde to take him as his sonne, and will trust none but onely hym, to fetche the money in the coūtree. Thirdly, I will seme to fantasie the minion, wishyng her to bee my wife, alledging what broken slepes she hath caused me to haue, and the cause of my commyng hether onely

by for her ſtate. Then I wil practiſe for the keies of the greate blacke cheſte, and of the ſteele caſkette. Fourthlie, maiſter Curate ſhalbe gently ſaluted with a Barnardes blowe, we will commende him, we will praie with him, and alſo receiue the Communion with our coſin, that he maie haue a good opinion in vs, and deliuer hym a bagge with fiue pound in pence to geue to the poore, in whoſe abſence, peraduenture our Scribe and we ſhall frame the wille: how like you this practiſe? If this will not ſerue, I haue a ſhifte of deſcante in ſtore, that I learned in Boſomes Inne.

Auarus.

The Deuill take altogether, ſo that wee had the gold, practiſe this I praie you: you haue a good witte, by my troth I could not ſlepe all this night for this matter, if you were not, I could doe nothyng, but ſtande like a ſhepe.

Ambodexter.

I warrant you, I haue had long experience in this trade, euerywhere within this Realme, I can doe the like with the helpe of Auarus, whiche is a verie good penne man, cloſe and honeſt, he writeth ſondrie

Pettie Fogers, fitte for the Pillorie.

handes, and is a liuelie grauer of Seales hymself, also is a kinde harted fellowe: for he will not sticke to lende his frend an othe if neede doe require.

Auarus.

The worlde is full of starting holes, mē maie skant knowe how to trust men now a daies, but for the good report that I doe heare of this honest fellowe, I will be glad to haue his acquaintaūce. I knewe diuerse of his kinsmen. rr. yeres ago: GOD haue mercie of all Christen soules, it was then a mery worlde, and will neuer be so good againe, vntill this Gospelling Preachers haue a sweating sickenes in Smithfield, and their Bible burnte, well, would some wer at libertē for their sakes. Well, wel.

Ambodexter.

Oh I doe remember that reuerent mortified father, that holy man bishop Boner, that blessed catholique confessor of Rome, if he were againe at libertē, he would not dallie to make thē, but trimly would rosse these fellowes, and after burne theim, you knowe his workmanship verie well.

Auarus.

He is my cosin Germain, and Periurus

that

that honest felowe, was his boke, & brought vp with him in his youth, and your grãdfather did penne his prologue, in the boke called De vera obedientia, when as thei laughed merely, saiyng thei had rather put to their handes, then either their heddes or hartes, wise men, wise men. Honeste friers.

Ambodexter.

Yea, sothe wisemenne will serue the tyme, Prudenter agere, and bee as wise as Serpentes, and simple as Doues.

Auarus.

To haue the nature of a serpent, I will standе with them: but beshrowe my harte, if I would bee as simple as a Doue, either so simple, fearfull, or doltishe, but rather as my good lorde Boner. Quasi Leo rugiens queres quem deuoret. And thus he would expounde that terte, whiche muste haue seche a glose vpon it.

Ambodexter.

I am a lone vpon gloses, I haue arte in store to sophist. I was brought vp in my yere with a Frier of mont Piller, he taught me how to hãdle prosa, obscurum, inordinatũ, and barbarum, with genus and species: full wel I can hãdle the matter, both pro and Gloses.

contra. Commonlie theſe are my figures, and ſerue well to my purpoſe, as Enigma, proœmiæ, ironiæ ſarcaſmus, antephraſis, & charientiſmus. I haue many rotten rules, whiche doo ſerue for the purſe: I learned them at Paris, thei are writtē in an olde Barbarous Frenche booke. When wee are at more leaſure, I will ſhewe thee all my cūnyng, my gaines and profites. Now lette vs conferre bothe together, this after noone about our matters.

Auarus.

Contēted in that caſe, as for termes and trickes in Logike, I force not of them, thei will pate for no horſe breade: it is golde that maketh a glad hart. He deſerueth reuerēce and rule, that hath it and kept it: go let vs dine together, and ſende for our friendes, Rapax, Capax, and Tenax, to kepe vs companie an howre or twoo, for thei are good felowes.

I good compaignie.

Ambodexter.

Agreed, I like their companie very well thei are my frendes, and kinde hartid men

Auarus.

And mine alſo, go let vs depart, and not bee ſeen moche together abroade standyng

in

in counsaill, because our matters are not currannte.

Medicus.

Crispinus, where haue you been so longe I thought it a yere since youre departure, but I haue shorted the tyme, in beholdyng this pitifull picture of Lucretia, and this fearfull siege of Pauie, but this Mappe of the discriptiō of Terra Florida in America, haue reioysed me, there the gold & pretious stones, and Balmes are so plentifull, siluer and spice are nothing with them, no labor is in that land, lōg like thei haue: one thing there is, whiche liketh me not emong thē.

Crispine.

What is that matter Doctor?

Medicus.

Thei haue neuer sickenesse vntill death doe come: therefore there is no good dwellyng for vs in soche a lande. Further, it is sated, that thei haue no debate nor strief in their common wealthes.

Crispine.

Marie then it is as vnprofitable for Lawers, as for Phisicians. I truste wee shall neuer be in that case, in this our countree.

Medicus.

God

God defende vs from soche a Commoñ wealthe, it would marre altogether. Now let vs go to the chamber dooze, and se how the woꝛlde goeth with maister Antonius, and take our Phlebothomer with vs, to let hym blood.

Crispine.

I will waite on your maistership.

Medicus.

How doe you good maister Antonius, haue you taken any rest, since I was with you?

Antonius.

A dreadfull case.

No moze Maister Doctoꝛ, then if I had been layd on hote coales. Oh sir, ther was neuer manne in soche a case, as I am in. I haue had moste fearfull dreames of theues to robbe me: me thought I was in the top of a high tower, tellyng of money, and sodeinly there came an yearthquake, & shoke the tower in peces, & caste me doune vpon weapons all blody, whiche a greate nombeꝛ of Moꝛians had in their handes, from the I fell in the fire, whiche was like highe mountaines about me, wheras was moche noise, and a cruell battaill. I did see there many of myne old acquaintaunce, whiche sometyme were of greate honour, bothe men

men Spirituall and Temporall, and the Pope hymself, with many of his frendes. Thei were in extreme wretchednesse, and sore handled of fearful Monsters, and wormes gnawyng vpon their brestes, vppon whom was writtē: Conscience hath accused me, and hell deuoured me. Ve, ve, ve; and thus I am tossed to and fro, alas what shall I doe. Also I did heare many ragged and sicke people, crie vengeaunce on me and men in prison also, that said I had vndoen them, to inriche my self, oh good God.

A troubled conscience.

Crispine.

Sir I praie you let me harke in your eare.

Medicus.

What is the matter?

Crispine.

I will departe: his talke doeth so moche trouble me, me thinke he doeth woūde my conscience. Also, I will home, and caste awaie a greate nomber of rotten drugges, wherwith I haue gotten moche money, in deceiuyng the people, God forgeue me.

Medicus.

The vicar of saint soles be your ghostly father, are you so wise? Marie still with me, let hym paie for your rotten drugges,

for

for I maie saie to you, that he is almoste rotten alreadie hymselfe: me thinke youre conscience is to moche spiced with sodaine deuocion.

Antonius.

What meane you Maister Doctour, to wisper in the Apothicaries eare?

Medicus.

Nothyng sir, but I haue appointed at what tyme that you should receiue youre Clister, and how your Ptisane should bee made: and in what order that your frontarie should be applied to your forehedde, to cause you to slepe quietlie. These dreames are nothing, but proceading of the abounddaunce of choler, you are hote and drie: also the time is very hote: the Sonne is now xx. degrees in Leo, the Dogge daies are to bee obserued. Notwithstandyng, feare nothyng, I warrant you, life for life, discomforte not your selfe, a man or a Mouse.

Antonius.

You are a merie gētleman, do your pleasure with me, I will put my selfe into your handes I tell you: holde here are. xx. olde Angelles, that did se no Sonne this tenne yere. Your Pothicarie shalbe well cōsidered

red, he semeth to bee an honest man, and a cunnyng fellowe: let him set vp all the bores and glasses in the windowe, and putte on his bonette.

Medicus.

What meane you sir, I pray you remember your self: so God helpe me, you are to blame: well, I will not contrarie you. My chief desire is to helpe you, without the respecte of money or golde, or other of youre commoditee. Crispine sette the bores in the windowe: and you Surgean, prepare your lace, staffe and launce, with your vnce vesselles, that I maie consider his blood in order and due quantitee, for hether vnto he is but in the augmentyng of his feuer. Further, he had no fitte this ten houres, let him bloode by little and little, and although he doe fall into Lipothimion, it is no matter, let hym blood vntill it partly doe chaunge into a good colour. Oh Lorde, how might you liue: if this bloode should haue remained any longer, did you euer see the like: what a good hart he hath, the worst is past this would haue been a greate fore, or apostumacion; stop vp the vein a Gods name.

Crispine.

I did neuer see the like, but ones where as your Maistership did a greate cure, vpon a noble man.

Medicus.

Oh, are you aduised of that Crispine, he is a good friende of myne, I haue twentie pounde yerelie of him. He sente me a fatte Bucke vpon Mondaie laste, and gaue me my Mule also, with a Velvet foote clothe.

Crispine.

Sir, whē you set me home, I left your mule standing at the dooze, but as I returned, I met a lacket clothed in Orenge taunie and white, with a paire of bare tāned legges, & a blewe night cap, with a plume of fethers riding on him as fast as he might gallop.

Medicus.

Oh the passion of Christ, my mule is stolen, I will hence, I had rather lose. xx. li. I will tarie no lēger: my Mule, I will teche him to ride on my Mule, I warrante him.

A great losse.

Crispine.

Sir, he nedeth no teachyng, he can ride well I warrant you. I heard him saie to a yong manne with a long cloke, lined with yellowe, that his maister sent him to carie a letter, to a marchaunt venterer, that was

crof-

erollasted into Terra Florida.

Medicus.

Geue me my goune, fare ye well Maister Antonius: as euill lucke as euer I had in all my life.

Antonius.

I had thought the losse of your friende, and of your Mule, had not been both a like to you. What for.rr. pound, I will pate it double: the knaue shall not escape, Crispine hath taken good markes vpon him. I will sende to euery Warde, blinde lane, Innes Woodes and fieldes, after the villaine. I will take the matter on me, because you come to me so gently: quiete your self, sitte doune again in the chaire, I were caske awaie if you wer gone, good maister doctor.

Medicus.

I care not so moche for the mule, but that my lorde will take moche vnkindnes, and think I should set light by his gift, and the Ruffians will laugh me to skorne, when thei knowe how I am hãdled of the knaue bote. Well, I am cõtented with your offer I praie you beware you slepe not, you shal suppe the thinne broth of a chicken by and by, made with the. iiij. greate colde seedes

and cordiall Herbes. Crispine, I praie you make the broth in some stone or siluer vessell. Copper or Brasse is not good for Maister Antonius: soche vessels are Lepros.

Antonius.

If you will haue it made of gold, you shal.

Medicus.

We shall make shifte with other thinges: gold shal serue to deaurat or gilde your losinges, electuaries & manus christi withal.

Antonius.

Contented, so that it maketh on my side whatsoeuer it bee. But me thinke I feele slepe approching, what shall I doe?

Medicus.

Drawe the Curtaines, open the lukette of the Windowe: set Hallowes about the bedde, besprinkled with vineger and rose water. Take of that hotte mantell, let his hedde and shoulders be bolstred vp, lye not on your backe, leane towardes this side, let vs talke together like friendes, why are you so beaute and yearthlike.

Antonius.

I must nedes, I was made of yearth, but where is the yearth placed, of which I was made, and of what fassion is it, although he

I

I walke vpon the same, yet doe I stande in doubt of the matter.

Medicus.

The yearth is moste heavie, and can bee in no place, but in the middest of heauen, not moueable, but round & hangeth continually, aboute the whiche are the landes and coūtries of the worlde fired, which Aristotle doeth call Medium terræ, medium mundi. *Aristo. de cœlo & mundo.*

Antonius.

Are ther not bodies, which ar called simple.

Medicus.

Yes forsoth, those are the iiij. the fire hot and drie, the aire hote and moiste, the water colde and moiste, the yearth colde and drie, and these are called the Elementes. *The lower Elementes.*

Antonius.

Are there not bodies called mixed, what are thei?

Medicus.

Animalia: as man, beast, fishe, foule and Wormes, Vegetabilia, as Herbe, Grasse and Trees, and mineralia, thinges vnder the yearth, as metalles. *Mixed bodies.*

Antonius.

Lorde, how is this worlde staied?

Medicus.

The twoo Poles Articus and Artarticke South and Nozth, are the extreme limites aboute whom the whole frame of heauen is wrapped, and is called Axis cœli.

Antonius.

Men saieth that certaine starres doe gouerne the thinges beneth here in yearth.

Medicus.

Thei doe so in deede, as it is well proued when as the Sunne and Moone doe enter into any of their circles, in those great bodies, then our little bodies in yearth dooe feele the goodnes or euilnes of them, as Aries, Leo, and Sagittarius, are hote, drie and bitter, cholorike, and are gouernyng hotte and drie thinges, and this is called the firy triplicitee. The second triplicitee, is of aire hotte and moiste, sanguine, swete, and doe gouerne Sanguine people. And other triplicitee is of water, colde & moiste, flegmatike, hauing the gouernment of cold rawe bodies. The laste is the yearth, the mother of all thinges, cold and drie melancholie.

Antonius.

What doe the knowlege of these thynges profite to phisicke, I praie you tel me?

Medicus.

Moste

Phisike chiefly: for where, as the Philosopher doe leaue, there the Phisition doe begin. That is, he must be first a good natural Philosophier, he must haue ỳ knowlege of times and seasons, and be acquainted with complexiõs of men, obseruing the nature of thinges, and the climates vnder heauẽ, with the course of the Sonne, Moon and Starres, Aire and diet. &c.

Antonius.

I praie you, is there a soule in manner

Medicus.

Yes forsothe.

Antonius.

Why then, there must nedes be a greater thing, as the cause of euery liuing soule whiche I take to bee GOD, whiche hath made all thinges, and when you and I talked together, you semed that, Nõ est deus. God.

Medicus.

I professed to followe Aristotle, but my meaning was, that I credite not the Bible matters, I am no Diuine, I finde no reasons there for my tourne: thei are to harde thinges for me, I commend them to Darbell and Duns. &c.

Antonius.

Why, doeth Aristotle shewe any better reasons then is in the Bible? Then I pray you: what is the power of the soule?

Medicus.

The three partes of the soule.

In the soule saieth Aristotle in his boke of Ethiques, it hath .iij. sondrie powers. The one is named vegitable, in whiche euery man taketh parte with herbes, trees, and plantes. The seconde parte of the soule is named sensible: in this part man and beast are bothe a like in mouing. &c. The thirde parte is more, whiche is racionall, or hauing reason. And this part of reason, hath both acte to doe well, and power to do euil. And these .ij. are called Intellectiue, whiche learneth, deserneth and iudgeth in euery thing that maie be seen, felt, heard, or vnderstanded: but the power vnreasonable, as sodaine raging, crieng. &c. Is ascribed vnto the Lion, Horse, Hogge. &c. How like you this maner of talke, yet here is no scripture, but Aristotle, I assure you.

Antonius.

Then it should appere, that the soule hath vertues: how many I praie you?

Medicus.

The first vertue is called Intellectual, frō whiche

whiche ſpringeth wiſedome, ſcience, & prudence. And the. ij. is called morall, which is the mother of many good thinges, as chaſtitee, liberalitee, humanitee, & good maners.

Antonius.

What is the cauſe of theſe twoo vertues in the ſoule.

Medicus.

The vertue Intellectual, ingendereth and is nouriſhed by learning of good tutours, and men of experience, or readyng of good bookes of Philoſophie: whiche is a ſecrete vertue in the ſoule. And alſo the morall cometh by good cuſtome, and not by nature, as if one manne had twoo ſoonnes, the one brought vp in keping cattelle, the other in daily learning good leſſons, although nature did frame their bodies like in ſhape, yet thei ſhould not bee like in condicions: morall prouideth, that naturall thinges in them bothe, can not bee moued by contrarie cuſtome. For ſtones naturally, though thei be caſt neuer ſo high by arte, yet muſt thei naturally fall doune againe. Euen ſo of fire being driuen doune, yet it will caſte his flames vpwarde: ſo vertue is not in vs by nature, but onely by power to receiue Example.

theim, for euery thing that is in vs by nature: first it is in vs bi powers, & after cõmeth to acte, as it commeth to the senses of mankinde. For none can deny, but first a manne hath power to heare, see, feele. &c. So the power doeth preuente, and cometh before the acte in nature.

Antonius.

Then if power goeth before thacte, then a man is called honest, good, or chaste, before: either honestie, goodnesse, or chastitie appereth in him.

Medicus.

In thinges morall, euermore the acte goeth before the power. An crample: a Schoolemaister is called a Teacher, because of his learnyng, whiche is the worke goyng before the power. And the cause of a good mã is his good workes: and so of the euill, whose worke is either dronkennesse, adultrie, theste. &c. thei make him euill.

Antonius.

Then it should appere, that this thyng called Actus, or worke, bringeth vertue and vice in man.

Medicus.

What els, doeth not euery mán that liueth

ueth eate? But if he eate to moche or to litle, doeth it not bring sickenesse? Euen so of to moche labour or idlenesse, of to moche boldnesse or cowardnesse, are not these actes vicious and euill? And dooeth not one meane moderate them bothe? Extreames are euer hurtfull.

Antonius.

What remedie then I praie you?

Medicus.

Nothyng is better then a meane, called temperaunce, whiche is gouerned by prudence, whiche is euer contente betweene bothe, and reioyseth in it. Temperance

Antonius.

So then, if a man felle into extreme aduersitie, and sustaine it patiently in his sickenesse, pouertie, or cause of griefe, call you this a meane, or no. Aduersitee.

Medicus.

In euery woorke or sufferyng, there is pleasure or displeasure. If a manne doe reioyce in trouble, in chastitie, in bearyng of cruell woordes or slaūder, the same is a prudent manne, and his suffering maketh it a meane to him: but other men that are chastised, and will suffer outwardlie, and it greueth Prudence.

greueth theim in so doyng, thesame is vi-
cious, and lacketh meane, or prudence.

Antonius.

Hath the soule any delites in her or no?

Medicus.

Profite. Yes trulie, in three thinges. The firste
profitable, wherof springeth housebandris
to nourishe the yearth, as also Phisicke to
help the bodie, knighthod to go to battel. &c

Pleasure. The seconde is delectable, as taking plea-
sure in thinges doen, which is chiefly nou-
rished of the soule, in whiche consisteth al'

Vertue. the pleasures of the worlde. The thirde is
called good, that is to be vertuous, louing,
sober, pacięt, and also to the soule or minde,
are enioyned, habite, power and passion.

Antonius.

Haue yong childrē the soule in al poinctes
as womē haue or no, in operatiō or electiō

Medicus.

Aristotle. saieth: that operacion of the will
of the soule, is common to childzen, but the
election or choice, be not in them to will.

Antonius.

What is will in the soule?

Medicus.

The will is the entente, but election is

the

the antecedent to the entente, for election goeth before operation or woorke, and the woorke doeth followe thesame, as doyng of thinges, buiyng, selling, and all the artes and sciences, are so to be considered. Frste, by election, then by operation, as by art I doe proue you to haue the pestilence, experience hath taught me, whiche yong children can not knowe, as Gramer, Rethorike, Musicke, Phisicke, before thei haue lerned thē, or begun with their principles. First electiō, then operatiō

Antonius.

Now I will stoppe and laie a straiwe, and commen as yet no more of the matters of the soule, but onely of the body, and namely in this poinct of the pestilence. What is the cause of thesame, good Paistet doctor? Pestilence.

Medicus.

That whiche we doe se, we do testifie, and that which we do testifie is true. Therfore no man ought in matters, which appertaineth to the estate of life, to write fables or lies, but that which is of great authorites and of good experience. This pestilent feuer, saith Hipocrates, is in two partes cōsidered: the first is common to euery man, by the corrupcion of aire. The seconde is priuate The cause of the pestilence

Hyppocrates de flatibus.

priuate or particulare to some men through euill diet, repletion, which bringeth putrifaction, and finally mortification. And Galen in the differences of feuers, doth affirme the same, saying: Vnam aerem viciatum ac putridum, alterã homoree corporis virioso victu colectos, & ad putrescendũ paratos. Auicen also, Tractus quartus de febrib⁹ pestilentialibus. cap. i. Where there doeth come a sodain alteracion or chaunge in the qualitie of water, frõ cold to heate, or transmutacion frõ sweetnes to stincke, as it chaunceth in waters, through corrupted mixture of putrified vapour, infrayng bothe aire & water, whiche of their owne simplicitie are cleane, but through euill mixture are poysoned: or when strong windes doe cary pestilẽt fume or vapours from stinkyng places, to the cleane partes, as bodies dedde of the plague, vnburied, or mortalitie in battail, death of cattell, rotten fennes, coming sodainly by the impression of aire, creping to the harte, corrupting the spirites, this is a dispersed pestilence, by the inspiracion of aire. Also by repletion, Venus, bathyng, or openyng the pores, rotten foode, fruite, moche Wine, or immoderate labour, or

Galenus libri. i. De differentiis. Feb. Cap. v.

Actius de remedijs. libri. v. Paulus libri. ii.

Rasis ī ii. de pest. Galc. libri. i. De differẽtijs. ca. iiii.

the

the time being hote and moiſte. Theſe are greate cauſes.

Antonius.

At what time of the yere doeth the Peſtilence caſte forthe her poiſone?

Medicus.

In the time of Haruell ſaieth Hypocrates, are moſte ſharpe and dedlie ſickneſſes, but leſſe daunger in the Spring time: and in the time of ſondrie chaunge of Windes when the weather is hotte and moiſte. Hyp. epi. xiii.

Antonius.

To what perſones I praie you, doeth the Peſtilence come?

Medicus.

Moſte chiefly to them, vnder the place infected, then to ſlothfulle healthie people, that kepe their houſes and lodginges vncleane, their meate, drincke, and clothyng, moſte noiſome, their labour and trauell immoderate, or to theim whiche lacke prouident wiſedome, to preuente the ſame by good diete, aire, Medicine, &c. Or to the bodies hotte and moiſte. And theſe bodies doe infecte other cleane bodies, and wheras many people do dwell on heapes together, as Auicen ſaieth; Et communicat multitudine

ne hominum, &c. Fen. j. Tra. iiij.

Antonius.

By what signe or token is this perilous plague or stripe of the Pestilence, best knowen emong the Phisicions. Go not about the bushe with subtile woordes, but plainlie speake the truthe to me, beyng in this fearfull daunger, as you doe well knowe that I am in.

Medicus.

Causes and signes of Pestilence.

The signes are moste manifest whiche are the starres rūning course or rase after their causes. Oh the most fearfull eclipses of the Sunne and Moone, those heauenlie bodies are manifest signes of the pestilence emōg men, and the starres cadente in the beginning of Aprill, or in the moneth of September, or moche South winde or Easte winde in the Canicular daies, with stormes and cloudes, and very cold nightes and extreme hot daies, & moche chaunge of weather in a litle time, or whē birds do forsake their egges, flies or thinges breding vnder the grounde, do flie high by swarmes into the aire, or death of fishe or cattelle, or any dearth going before, these ar the signes of the pestilēce, & euident presages of thesame

Antonius

Antonius.

These are good signes generalle, but particulare: what manifest tokens doe signifie the Plague or Pestilence in a mannes owne proper bodie.

Medicus.

Thei whiche are smitten with this stroke or plague, are not so open in the spirites as in other sicknesses are, but straite winded, thei doe swone and vomite yellowe cholour, swelled in the stomacke with moche pain, breaking forth with stinking sweat. The extreme partes bcrie cold, but the internal partes boiling with heate and burnyng, no reste, bloode distillyng from the nose: Urine somewhat watrie, and sometyme thicke with stincke, sometyme of colour yellowe, sometyme blacke, skaldyng of the tonge, odure moste stinkyng, with redde eyen, corrupted mouthe with blacknes, quicke pulse and depe, but weake, hed ache, altered voice, losse of memorie, sometime with ragyng in strong people. These and soche like are the manifest signes, how the hart hath drawen the venome to it, by attraction of the aire: by the inspiration of the arters to the harte, and so confirming it

Rasis. willoketetur. Actius. Cap. xcv. libr. v. viii. Paulus libri. Cap. xxxv.

to be the perilous feuer Peſtilẽciall. This is moſte true: of this cometh foule bubos, antaxis and carbuncles, ſores, through putrifaccion, as Galene ſaieth: li. iii. De preſage. Auicen. Fe. i. tract. iiii. Gal. lib. i. De dif. fe. cap. iiii. & Raſis de conſtitutione peſtilẽtiæ ad manſorem. Alſo this feuer is ſkante to be recouered, and almoſte paſt help, whẽ theſe Symptomatas doe appere, as Galene ſaieth. iii. De præſage ex pul. qua propter neque hos curare tentandum erit.

Antonius.

You haue declared vnto me a fearfull tale of the Plague, whereof thouſandes haue and ſhall die: a pitifull caſe how it cometh emong people ſodainly, euen as you haue ſhewed, the cauſe primatiue in thaire. The antecedent, when theſame aire is drawen into the hart by attracciõ of the arters: the coniunct, when it with boiling heat, doeth chaunge by putrifaccion, nature into the worſe parte, and almoſte paſte cure of any Phiſician, when it is come to this poincte, as I gather by your late talke, which doth putte me in greate feare of my life. But I will common with you for others, whiche are not infected, howe maie thei bee moſte ſafe-

Primatiue.
Antece ient.
Coniuncte.
Cauſes of the Peſtilence.

lafely defended, maiſter Doctor?

Medicus.

Would you fain knowe? Surely I will declare thee, the beſte defence that I can, I will hide nothyng. Firſt of all, let all men, women and children, auoide out of the ill aire, into a good ſoile: and then, accordyng to their age, ſtrengthe of nature and complexion, let euery one of theim, with ſome good Medicene, drawe from the bodie, ſuperfluous moiſture, and deminiſhe humor hotte and drie, and vſe the regimente of diete to dryng, ſharped with vineger or tart thynges, and leſſer meates, not ſo morhe wine as thei haue vſed in cuſtome, neither Potage, Milke, vnripe fruictes: hotte Spices, dates or Honie, or ſwete meates, wine with Suger are not tolorable. No anger or perturbacions of the minde, ſpecially the paſſion called feare: for that doe drawe the ſpirites and bloode inwardes to the harte, and is a verie meane to receiue this plage. Neither vſe actes venerous, nor bathyng, either with fume, ſtoue, or warme water (for this cauſe): thei all dooe open the poores of the body, neither quaffyng or morhe drinking: euen ſo thirſt or drines is not to-

Good aire, *Gale. de ter. i. ad Piſo. Cap. xvi. Paul. li. ca. xxxvi Auicen de preſer. a peſte. fen. ii tract. iiii. Raſis ad almon. libr. de peſt. Cap. ii.*

Trouble of mynde or feare.

lozable, oz immoderate exercise oz labour, speciallie after meate: Musicke is good in this case, and pleasaunt tales, and to haue the meates well sauced with cleane sharpe vineger. Forget not to kepe the chamber, and clothyng cleane, no priues at hande, a softe fire with perfumes in the mozning. Shift the lodgyng often tyme, and close in the South East windes, speciallie in the tyme of mistes, Cloudes and windes. And vse to smell vpon some pleasaunt perfume and to, be letten blood, a little at ones, and to take Pilles contra Pestē: that is a good preseruatiue against the plague.

A goodly rule against the Plague.

Note also ỹ Clisters are good, before the openyng of veines.

Antonius.

These are good rules, and happie are thei that do wisely obserue them in time, place and maner accozdingly: but if one be new lie infected, what remedie then, as when a man is sicke, and the soze appereth not.

Medicus.

Libri Epid. Sect. ii. Apho. iii.

A coming forthe like, a bubos, are signes of those partes, from whiche thei doe swell as example, in the lefte side, hedde, necke, flanckes. &c. but often times the plage soze will not appere, the verie cause is this: nature is to weake, and the poison of the infection

fection to strong, that it cannot be expelled and this is moste perilous of all, whē soche a cruell conquerour doeth rain within the hart, the principall part of life, now possessed with death. The causes of this, I haue declared before with signes to ỹ same. Not withstanding, consider twoo thinges: firste whether it is in bodies sanguine and cholerike, or theim whiche are flegmatike, or melancholie, or not. The firste twoo, blood is the cause: the seconde. ij. abundaunce of euill humours. Therfore let blood, wher as it hath the victorie, and purge whereas other humours haue predomination, or chief rule: in some menne, that haue verie strōg bodies, firste purge, thā let blood. Note this, that what side be infected, let blood on that side: if it be aboue the hedde, open Cephalica: if it be vnder the armes, Basilica, or harte veine: if it bee aboute the throte, then open Malleola, about the flanckes, bealie, legges. &c. open Iecoraria: if thei are verie weake or yong, then boryng is good to the necke, shoulders, backe and thighes: if the stomacke be full, then with spede vomette and these thinges drawe the venome from the harte, and remoue the poison.

Consider twoo speciall thinges.

Auicen. Corneli. febri Pesti. ii. iiii. Fen. 3. tract. iiii.

Leo. Auer de med nd. mor. libri. iiii.

C. iij. Antonius

Antonius.

This is good in the cure of the Pestilence, for I doe praise this blood letting verie well, in the beginnyng of the sickenes.

Medicus.

Example. Blood must be letten in the beginning of the sickenes: for example, like as a potte is clensed of the scum or fome, in the beginnyng, when it plaieth on the fire, and therby the liquour is clensed within the potte: euen so, blood lettyng and pilles, doe helpe and cleanse the Pestilence, when it beginneth firste to boile within the bodie. Howbee it, certaine people maie not bleede: as women whiche haue their tymes abounddaunt lie: or menne hauing flure of the Hemorroides, children verie young, or people weake and aged.

Who maie not be letten blood.

Antonius.

I praie you, what quantitee of bloodde must be letten?

Medicus.

Quantitee of blood letten. For soth fower vnces, or little more, and must be doen euery moneth, sometyme in the Median, sometyme in the Basilica, &c. And not to slepe after thesame, during fire seuen, or eight howers.

Antonius.

Antonius.

What Pilles doce you vſe againſte the Plague.

Medicus.

The beſte Pilles generallie vnder heauen, and is thus made: take the beſte Pelowe Aloes twoo vnces, Myrrhe and Saffron, of eche one vnce, beate them together in a Morter a good while, putte in a little ſweete Wine, then rolle it vp, and of this make fiue Pilles, or ſeuen of one dragme, whereof take euery daie nerte your harte, a Scruple, or more, it will expulſe the Peſtilence that daie. &c. Ruff. contra peſt. Auicen. libri. iiii. Fen. 3. tract. iiii. Paul. libri. iii. Cap. xxxvi.

Antonius.

Haue you any good poció in ſtore for the Peſtilence: to bee dronke a Morninges, when the Pilles are not taken.

Medicus.

None better then this: take Theriaca, of the making of Andromachus. ij. Scruples which is a Triacle incomparable, paſſyng againſte bothe poiſon and Peſtilence, and the Antidotari of Mithridatis. i. Scruple. bole Armoniacke prepared, half a Scruple and the waters of diſtilled Roſes, Scabious and Bugloſſe, of eche one vnce minge Galenus libri. ix. de ſimplic. Fuch. de rect. morbo. libri. iiii.

led together: but this Medicene muste bee had of Crispine, or one of his companions, whiche vse no rotten ware.

Antonius.

Haue you any good pouder?

Medicus.

One better, I assure you, then a kinges raunsome, and thus it must bee made: take the leaues of Dictamnus, and the rootes of Turmentil, of Pimpernell, of Sedual, of Gentian, of Betonie, of eche halfe an vnce hole Armoniacke prepared an vnce, Terra sigillata, iij. dragmes, fine Aloes & Myrrhe of eche halfe an vnce, Saffron a dragme, Mastike, ij. dragmes: beate them together finely & searsed, this is the pouder. Of this muste a dragme bee dronke in. iij. or. vi. sponfull of Rose or Sorel water, whē danger approcheth, or in the tyme of danger.

Antonius.

These ar strōg things for many weke stomakes: is there any other holsom things?

Medicus.

The struppes of Violettes, of Sorell, of Endiue, of sower Limondes, of eche like, mingled with Burrage water, and a Ptisane made of Barlie, mingled together, is verie

verie holsome to drinke, put in the ponder of bole Armoniack, whiche is of a singuler vertue to coole: for Galen did help thousãdes at Rome with thesame Bole, and the Theriaca mingled together, in a great pestilence, but in the pestilence tyme, one beyng infected therewith, let hym sweate by warme thinges, as hot tiles. &c. and let not the pacient eate, slepe, nor drinke, and eate light meates, as Henne, Capon, Cheken, Partriche, eating often, and little at ones, with sause, made sharpe of vineger, Orinages, sharpe Limõdes, or Sorell, and in the first date of the sickenes, that the pacient be kept from slepe, by talkyng, sprinklyng of swete water, rubbing of the bodie, as nose eares, or soft pulling of the heares, as thei maie be suffered, or a sponge dipped in vineger, applied to the nose: and if vehement drinesse, or heate dooeth approche, then drinke the Syruppes lasse rehearsed, and haue the Chamber cleane kepte, and also parfumed fower tymes of the date, beware of stincke, let the perfumes bee made with Olibanum, Mastike, wood of Aloes, Beniamin, Storax, Laudanum, Cloues, Juniper, or such like, and sprincle al the cham-

Auicen. libr. iii. Fen. i. tract. iiii. Raf.

ber about with vineger: roses in the windowes, or greene braunches of Sallowe, or of Quinces, are good, sprynkeled with Rose water and Vineger.

Antonius.

I haue heard saie, that Garlike and newe Ale, should be good for the Plague.

Medicus.

You doe saie truthe, Garlike is good for to bryng it, but not against it, it is so hotte, and hath power attractiue, and that is verie euill, and a meane to bring the plague: so are Onions, Leekes, Rocket, Radishe, and suche baggage, whiche are sold about, in euery Streate in Plaguie tyme, as meanes for to bring thesame, it is pitie to suffer suche thynges. Furder, the multitudes of infected people emōg the whole, infecting them, or wearing the apparell of the dedde bodies of the Pestilence, whiche should be burned: for it is like a fire, whē it haue gotten the victorie, and can not bee quenched. Priueis, filthie houses, gutters, chanilles, vncleane kept: also the people sicke, goyng abrode with the plague sore running, stinkyng and infecyng the whole, or vnwise rashe palling with an emptie stomack out

Good obseruacions.

of

of the house: Neither to sitte tipplyng and drinking all the daie long, nor vse running wrestlyng, Daunsyng, or immoderate labour, whiche doe not onely open the pores but also cause the winde to bee shorte, and the pulses to quicke, and the Arters drawe to the hart when it panteth, the pestilenciall aire and poison. And what is worse thã feare of mynde, whē one doeth heare ill tidings, the death of father, mother, child. &c. By it the spirites and bloodde are drawen inwardes to the harte. Also of care, anger, wrathe. &c. These are all perilous: Firthe must be vsed, sprcially in this case: Cattes, Dogges, Swine, Duckes, Doues, Hennes or Gese, are verie vnholsome nere vnto the place or mansion of dwellyng, or lyed in diches nere the toune: or many people lyyng together in one bed, or long watching in the night, or costumes of the bealy: shut vp the hotte house doores, and tennis plaie, whiche are moste venemous. Be neuer without the electuarie of nuttes, thus made, cleue walnuttes. rr. fatte figges. rij herbe Grace. ij. handfull Wormewoodde Fetherfu, or rather Cotula Fœtida, called Buphthalmus, called Ore tye, and Scabios

The beste remedie, the worst meane.

Fuch, libri. iiii. de morb. Electuarii de nucibus.

of

of eche one handfull: the rootes of Aristolochia longa, half an vnse: Aristolochia rotunda, an vnce and a halfe. The rootes of Turmentill, and of the lesser Burre, cal. Petasitus, Pimpernell, of eche twoo vnces and a halfe, the leaues of the verie Dictamni one handfull, Baie beries three Dragmes, the ponder of Hartes horne two dragmes and a halfe, Paces, Morrhe, Bole Armoniacke, and the yearth of Limodes, of eche Dragmes three, Halte of the Sea a dragme and a half, Nux vomica, dragmes twoo, Buglos flowers one handfull, stãped together by arte, & with clarified honie make it: this is good to be eaten a dragme euery morning. Forget not the Pilles of Ruffi, of them maie bee taken one at ones.

Antonius.

After, or with this Pestilence, there will a fearfull sore appere, as we haue ỹ knowledge vniuersall, by painfull experience, whiche we doue call the plague sore, what doe you saie to thesame sore?

Medicus.

Carbo & Anthrax are one.

This sore is called Carbunculus, of Carbo a Cole, or Anthrax: thei are bothe one, and not twoo, and is ingendered of moste sharpe,

sharpe, hotte and grosse blood, whiche nature doeth cast forthe through the skinne, to one particulare part, with extreme pain and perille to the bodie: whose Primatiue cause was, the corrupcion of aire or diete, drawen to the harte, of whiche pestiferous smoke, or poisoned fume, this sore hath his cause, & thesame sore is theffect folowing.

Antonius.

What are the signes: when it commeth nere hande?

Medicus.

A feuer going before, noisome and lothsomnesse of stomacke, wambleyng of the harte, pulse not equall, vrine stinking, desirous of slepe, perilous dreames with startyng, through the sharpenesse of hotte and burning humours, and then a little pushe will creepe forthe like a scabbe, sometyme more then one, then it wille increase and shine like pitche or Bytumen, with passing pain, and then it will haue a crust like vnto the squamies or flakes of Iron, whē thei fall of, when the Smith doeth worke, and in colour like ashes is this crust, wrought by extreme heate and burnyng, therfore it maie be called the burnyng cole, or Ignem pernicum

Signes of the plague.

persicum. Furder, there are fower colours to be obserued in the fore besides the crust, yelowe, redde, grene and blacke. The first twoo are not so daungerous as the second twoo are. Yet saieth Rasis in his booke of the pestilence, to Manser the king, that the Carbuncle is deadlie, and moste perilous. And Auicen affirmeth the blacke to be incurable, specially when a Feuer Pestilence doe reigne. Sometime it is drawen backe againe into the bodie, then no remeadie.

where the plague fore is placed.

Somtyme it happeneth in the moste noble places, as nere the harte, the throte, moste perilous, with sodain stopping the spirites of life. Some pestilent sores doe come in the clensing places, as arme holes, flankes. &c And when nature is so strong, to caste it forthe with a redde colour, palishe, or yelowishe, the cure is not then verie harde.

Antonius.

It should seme to bee moste harde: you haue shewed more perils then helpes hether vnto: But if there bee any remedies, what are thei? I praie you tell them, for in that poincte you maie doe moche good.

Medicus.

Euen as I haue rehersed before, so will

I

I again begin in the cure of the carbuncle of the openyng of a vein, and if none other thing doe lette, as extreme weakenesse. &c. then let the pacient bleede, vntill the defection of the spirites, or nerehande swoning. Let it be doen on that side greued or afflicted, as I haue saied before in the feuer Pestilence of the Mediane. &c. Also forget not viij. speciall thinges. First the substaunce, as compasse, lengthe, depthe, hardnesse. &c. Second, the matter whereof it is bread, as blood. &c. The thirde as accidente, through the dolor, as a feuer, rednesse. &c. Fowerth to knowe it from a cause, wherof a doubt might arise thereof. And this is the difference betwene theim. A Carbuncle in the beginnyng is verie harde, flamyng redde, extreme paine. &c. As I haue saied before, and will come quickelie to his hedde. But Cancer is not so redde, neither so painfull, yet moche harder, and longer time or it cometh to the hedde. But when it beginneth to ware softe, then it ripeth faster then the Carbuncle. The fift, of the causes efficiēt, whether it be ripe through cōcoction or no or the qualities of the corrupted humours or hardnesse. &c. The sixte, in what place it

Gal. attributui aliter dimmidio.

To knowe the Anthrax from the Cancer.

is

is, in place of perille or no. The seuenth is to worke by incision, plaster. &c. The. viij. is good diet, as aire, meate, drinks, slepe. &c. These are verie good obseruacions, worthie of memorie in this case. And now followeth a perille to the Chirurgian, whiche muste bee richelie rewarded, for he putteth his life in daunger, in that, that he helpeth the sore bodie infected, he ought to bee prouident, that doth take this matter in hand, and before he cometh to the pinche, to eate his antidotari of Methridatum, or to haue a Sponge with strong vineger, applied to his nosthrilles, to arme himself against the poisoned aire: and to take his launce in his hande, accordyng to the arte, takyng heede that in launcyng, he cutte no vaine or Senewe, which haue societie with eche other therefore launce not verie depe. This is no straunge thing after bloodletting, to launce the sore, to let forthe the matter, in some it will come forth aboundauntly, when it is ripe or rotten: in other some not, because the humours are grosse, and baken together, or the runnyng matter farre in, or skante ripe, and nothyng will come forthe but salte, sharpe, filthie, stinckyng water:

A cautate for the *Chyrurgian.*

then

then beware of any thing that might driue it backe again into the bodie, as colde, bole armen. &c. then thinsicion must be made in the lowest place, so that thereby the matter mate the soner auoide, and muste be made in the forme croked, if it bee not in a place full of senewes, if it be, then make the insicion long: after the matter is run forth, thā couer it with lint dipped in this folowing, whych is excellēt good, yea, if the matter be stubborne in the sore. Take Quinse seede, Galles, of eche. iij. dragmes, Myrrhe, Olibanum and Aloes, of eche. ij. dragmes and a half, Alom. ij. dragmes, Aristolochia the round rotes, Calamenthe, as moche: Calamenth, i. dragme and a halfe, Calcanthum a scruple, all beaten finelie, then temper it together in a little Redde Waine, made in small rolles: you maie kepe them drie, and then in this case dissolue it, or parte of it in the water of stilled milke, applie this with lint into the sore, also in this case to washe the sore with a sponge dipped in the warm waters of Dragōs, Scabious, swete wine, Aaristolochia and Comphori, or their decoctiō. And to haue the rotes of Comphori, of Lilies, of Wallowes, sodden in white

Note this well.

To washe the place.

wine vntill thei bee ſoft, then ſtamped and
drawen through a ſtrainer, put thereunto
barlie meale & honie of roſes, this is a very
good thyng to applie to the ſore, after the
waſhing for. iij. houres, and will digeſt it.
An other good medicen, both to ripe and aſ-
ſwage the pain: mallowes, violets, chamo-
mill, of eche half an handfull, dill, haife as
moche, ſeeth theim and braie thē, then adde
them barly meale, & oile of roſes, flare ſeede
beane meale, of eche. iij. vnces. Seeth them
in ſwete wine, vntill thei ware thicke, and
make plaiſter. And to the places about the
rootes of the carbuncle, round about it, this
is good bothe to eradicate & defend the ſame
Seeth ſower orenges in vineger or ſorell,
and put a little bole armen to it, dip a cloth
or flare in it, and applie it round about the
ſore: many tymes renewe it in this cure,
read M. Thomas Gailes worthie booke.

A good medicen for the ſore.

A good medicene to ripe.

For the rootes of the ſore

M. Gaile.

And to take awaie the harde cruſt of the
carbuncle, doe thus. Take ceruſe, dermilli-
on, ſublimated of eche. iij. dragmes, beaten
finely in pouder, and parte of this mate bee
caſt vpō the ſame. And to this mate folowe
mallowes, violets, lettes, of eche one hand
full, ſodden in mutton broth, the yolkes of
thre

To take awaie the cruſt and the pain

thrée egges, barlie meale, oile of roses, and freshe butter, of eche thrée vnces, this plaister applied on, will take awaie the Pestilent crust. Also the emplastrum of Diachilō paruum, twoo vnces with Amoniack, and Galbanū, of eche one vnce, made in a plaister, applied to the place, or a plaister of figges, Doues doung and Wallerion rootes, and the rootes of mallowes, made and applied vpon the sore, are verie good ripers, and do moche prevail in this cure, and further to bring the cicatrice if neede require.

A cicatrice moste brefe.

Take oile of Myrrhe, of roses, of violettes, of eche twoo vnces, shepes Mallowe three vnces, gotes tallowe one vnce and a halfe, iuice of Colewortes three vnces, seeth thē together softlie, vntill the iuice bee consumed, then put thereunto halfe an vnce of Vermilion, cerusse as moche, and. ij. dragmes of letharge of gold, and seeth thē vnto a blacknes, stirre theim with a sticke, then put to theim sixe vnces terpentine, and as moche Mare as shall suffice to make it in the forme of a cerot. And this will make a strong cicatris: and when the matter hath runne moche and is past benim, then this is a ponder moste precious to caste in, and

A moste noble pouder.

drie it by little & little. Take Aches of Dill of burnt leade, of Terra lemnia, of eche one dragme, litharge of siluer, floures of pomgarnates, and galles without holes, of eche .ij. dragmes, Ceruse, Creuisheis, Snailes hornes, roche Alome burnt, of eche .ij. scruples beaten in pouder: this is the pouder, and hereafter followeth a good ointmente to heale the sore. Dile of Roses .ij. vnces, Ceruse, burnt leade, Litharge, of eche one a scruple, red Roses .ij. scruples in pouder, the rootes of the greate Comphori, and the floures of Pomegranates, bole Armen, of eche one scruple, the seede of Purslen two graines, white ware asmoche as shall suffice: and make this ointmente in a Leaden morter if it maie be. Emōg al simples Simphatum called Cōphori, is greatly lauded for the healing or helpyng of the Carboncle, being grounde or beaten betwene .ij. stones, and warm applied to the place. So is the herbe called Scabios in the same maner: so is the Lillie rootes rosted and brused and warme laied on. (Lette not the greate white onīō rosted, and the pith in the middest being taken forthe, stopped with good Triacle or Mythridatum warme, and ap-

In healyng ointemente.

Good notes for the Pestilence.

plied

plied to the place, be forgotten) for some vse none other thynges for the Carbuncle, to cure it. Also consider this to kepe the bodie temperate in eatyng. Beware of repletiõ, light Fishe, with tarte sauces, Limondes, Sorell, Oringes, thinne wine with water but no Suger or swete thynges. Forgette not swete perfumes of Rose water, cloues Maces, Vineger in a perfumyng pan, and haue the stomacke annointed with oile of Maces, and the complet ointment of roses, of eche. ij. scruples, and Gallæ muschata, x. graines, and dippe in a linẽ cloth in white wape, oile of Roses, white and red Saunders, and the ponder of orientall Pearles, fine bole Armen, and the swete woodde of Aloes with Rose water, made warme in a little vessell vpõ charcole, and be not without a good Pomeamber made of Storar, Calamite three dragmes, Laudani, half an vnce, flowers of water Lillies, Violettes, the woode of Aloes, Spikenarde, of eche a dragme and a halfe, the three Saunders of eche halfe a dragme, Sinamon twoo scruples, Muskicke. xx. graines, white Poppie seede, Campher, of eche a scruple, Amber and Muske, of eche three graines, with rose

Perfume. Pomeamber against the Pestilence.

Endiuie. water, in a warme Poxter, make Pome-amber, make a hole in it, and putte a silke lace through it, and wear this against corrupted aire. The bodie must haue benefite by purgacion, with clister or suppositer, or some pocion, as the syrup of roses solutiue

Purgyng. .ij. vnces, confection of Hamech, v. Dragmes, and water of Endiue .iij. vnces, mingled together, and drinke at ones in the morning, or Benedicta laxatiua, with water of Bugloss. Vse not without Manus Christi, to eate oftētimes: and the conserue of Roses, to eate before meate daiely. Beware of moche slepe, whiche wil make the heate double aboute and within the harte, for sleepe draweth in heate: and in tyme of wakyng, it is spred abroade, and the heate draweth to the extremes, as handes, hedde and feete. Sir, forget not this I praie you.

Antonius.

Mo maister Doctor, I warraunt you, I haue noted it well, and though it help not me, yet I truste it shall doe good to others, when I am gone.

Medicus.

Now sir, I wil take my leaue for a time my calling is suche that I must depart, and diuers

diuers of my pacientes, whiche diligently doe loke for me, as the birdes do for the day after a colde Winters night. And as time and occasion shall serue, I will retourne. I haue hidden nothyng from you, that maie be a meanes to your health: for whē life is gone, farewell altogether, wife, childzen, gold, landes, treasures, and all the golden glory of this worlde, & frendes also. Therfore, seeyng life is the beste iewell, whiche bringes delites to the hart, pleasures to the eye and eare, swete sauours to sense of smelling, and many hidden treasures knowelege to the vertue of vnderstanding, what is he that would make soche an exchange, if it were possible to the contrarie? To forsake his goldē be decked bedde with swete slepes, to lie vtterly lost, rotten, forgotten, and stincking, in a filthie pit of darkenes, inclosed and wrapped with Wormes. As by example, we maie see the multitude of graues in euery churche yarde, and greate heapes of rotten bones, whom wee knowe not of what degree thei wer, riche or poore in their liues. Therefore sir, to conclude, plucke vp that weake hart, reioyce, be glad and cast awaie all care, I warraunte you.

An Epicures talke.

Antonius.

Gramercies maſter doctor, I haue put you to pain with moche talke and queſtions: I will kepe theim in memorie, thei ſhall not be forgotten of my part. Euē ſo forget not your promiſe in comming to me again, my truſte is in you: wee ſhall make daylie exchaūge, cunnyng for gold, and loue for labor, yours I am. Haue, take you that to bie you a newe Pule, a ſwte clothe, & a goune.

Medicus.

A nice gentleman.

What meane your maiſterſhip: wel, geue me your hand, and here is mine with myn hart alſo, euer yours at commaundement as your owne. Thus fare you well, vntill my returne: in the meane while, paſſe the time with ſome pleaſaunt company. Eate good brothe made of Chickens, leane Mutton, roſte a little Partriche, eate light leauened breade, beware of groſſe meates, Biefe, Porke. &c. And Sallettes, ſtrōge wine, Spiſe, ſwete meates, and rawe frutes. I praie you remember this, and drink your Diacodion at night, to reconcile ſlepe again, and be ſomwhat laratiue.

Diete.

Antonius.

I thanke you moſte hartely: fare you wel.

Medicus.

Medicus.

Criſpine where are you? Is is not tyme to depart? We haue taried here very long, but not without gaine.

Criſpine.

Sir, I haue thought it a moneth ſince our commyng hether: you haue been ſente for eight tymes this after noone, and twoo of your pacientes are dedde this daie.

Medicus.

That is no marueil, for who can hold that will awaie? I ſhall haue more worke then I can put my hande vnto. It is now a golden worlde with me, and with you alſo.

Criſpinus.

God continue the ſame: I would thouſandes were ſicke, but I would haue none dedde, but the beggers that doe trouble the world, and haue no money to paie. I praie you what thinke you of maiſter Antonius ſhall he eſcape it or no? No winde, but it doeth tourne ſome men to good.

Medicus.

I haue his plentifull reward, and money for you alſo. I haue had lōg talke with hym. But to bee plain with you, I thinke neuer to ſe hym again aliue. He was paſte cure or I came to hym, and he could not

skape, therefore I kepte hym with longe talke, but I spake but softly.

Crispine.

Then I perceiue your talke was vnprofitable to him. Yet I wrote it in a little paper booke in my hande.

Medicus.

Not vnprofitable, if the Phisicion come in the beginnyng or augmentyng of the sickenesse. But in the full state of this sickenesse, it is moste dangerous, because death will preuente it, or it cometh to the declinacion. Oh it is a strong poison if the Pestilence crepe to his harte.

Crispine.

This man loued you well in his life: will you not be at his buriall Maister Doctor?

Medicus.

worldly frendship.

He loued me as I loued him. He me for healthe, and I hym for money: And thei, whiche are preseruers of the life of manne ought not to be present at the death or buriall of thesame man: therefore I haue taken my leaue, I warraunt you Crispine, I will retourne to hym no more. Thus fare you well til the morowe in the morynyng.

Crispine.

I

I muſt alſo depart to my ſhoppe, I haue moche buſineſſe to doe: I will come to you at your commaundement maiſter Doctor. Thus fare you well.

Ciuis.

Good wife, the daiely iangling and ringing of the belles, the cõming in of the miniſter to euery hous, in miniſtryng the cõmunion, in reading the Homelie of death, the digging vp of graues, the ſparring in of windowes, & the blaſing forth of the blewe croſſe, doe make my hart trimble & quake: alas what ſhall I doe to ſaue my life: The citezen his feare.

Vxor.

Sir, we are but yong, and haue but a time in this worlde, what doeth it profite vs to gather riches together, and can not enioye thẽ, why tary we here ſo long: I do thinke euery howr a yere, vntill we be gone, my harte is as colde as a ſtone, and as heuy as leade, God helpe me. Seyng that we haue ſent our children forthe thre weekes paſt into a good aire, and a ſweete countrẽ, let vs folowe thẽ: we ſhalbe welcome to your brothers houſe, I dare ſaie my ſiſter will reioyce in our comming, and ſo will al our friendes there: Lette vs take leaue of our neighbours. His wife hes counſaile.

neighbours, and returne merelei home a-
gain, whē the plague is paste, and the dog
daies ended, and there you maie occupie
your stocke, and haue gaine thereof.

Ciuis.

Oh wife, we knowe not our returne, for
James.iii. the Apostle saieth to you, that will saie: to
daie or to morowe, wee will goe to soche a
citee, and buie and sell, and haue gain, and
knowe not what shall happe to morowe,
what is our life? It is as a vapoure, that
appereth for a little tyme, and afterwardi
vanishe awaie, for that ye ought to saie, if
the Lorde will, and if wee liue, wee will to
this, or that place: and if it please God, wee
will bothe departe, and retourne again, at
his good will and pleasure, for wee are in
his handes, whether so euer wee doe goe:
and I truste it is not againste Gods com-
maundement or pleasure, that we departe
from this infected aire.

Vxor.

I knowe not what God will in our de-
partyng, but my flesche trimbles, when I
doe heare the death belle ryng.

Ciuis.

Ephe.vi. Yes surely, we haue the Apostle saiyng
(for

(for our defence in flying) no man euer yet hath hated his owne flesh, but nurished & cherished it, therefore who can nurishe his flesh in a corrupted aire, but rather do kill it? Furder, I heard a doctor of Phisike saie that one called Galen, in a booke of Triacle to one Pison his frende, that the Pestilence was like a monstrous hungrie beaste, deuourying and eatyng not a fewe, but somtimes whole cities, that by respiracion or drawyng in their breath, doe take the poisoned aire. He lauded Hypocrates, whiche saieth, that to remoue frō the infected aire into a clener, thereby saieth he, thei did not draw in more foule aire, and this was his onely remedie for the plague, to them that did remaine: He commaunded not onelie simple woodde to bee burned, with in the citee of Athenes, but also moste swete flowers and spices, perfumes: as gummes & ointementes to purge the aire. And wife, feare of death, enforced many holie men to flie: as Jacob from his cruel brother Esau: Dauid from Saule: Elias from Jesabell: the christian men for feare of death, did flie the tyrannie of the Papistes: and although these menne did not flie the Pestilence, yet

Galen. ad Pisonem non aliter curauit quā aeris mutatione. &c.

Gene. xxvii.

yet

thei fledde all for feare of death, and so will we by Goddes grace, obserue soch wholesome meanes, & obeie his diuine prouidence: also I will leaue my house with my faithfull frendes, and take the keies of the chestes with me. Where are our horses?

Vxor.

Our thinges are readie, haue you taken your leaue of your neighbours?

Ciuis.

I haue doen: so now let vs depart a goddes blessyng good wife.

Vxor.

Geue me my horse Roger.

Roger.

Maistres, he is here ready at your hand, a good gelding, God blesse him and swete saincte Loye.

Ciuis.

Bryng forthe myne also, and lette the seruauntes forget nothyng behinde them, specially the steele Casket: let vs ride faire and softly, vntill we be out of the toune.

Vxor.

How pleasaunt are these swete fieldes, furnished with faire plantes and flowers, the birdes doe sing swetely and pitifullie,

in

in the bushes: here are pleasaunt woodes: Jesus manne, who would bee in the Cite again: Not I for an. C. pound: oh help me, my horse starteth, and had like to haue vnsadled me, let me sit faster for fallyng.

Ciuis.

He is a burde tyed iade, I warrant you, and you are no good horse womā, for I did neuer se you ride before, in all my life, but exercise will make you perfite: your mother was a good horse woman, and loued riding well, as any gentle woman that euer I knewe in my life: well, she is gone, and we must folowe, this is the worlde.

Vxor.

I neuer was so farre from London in al my life: how farre haue we ridden already sir I praie you?

Ciuis.

Mary wife, we haue ridde x. mile this morning

Vxor.

What towne is this: I praie you sir?

Ciuis.

This is Barnet, wheras Samuel your sonne was nursed: and yonder is Richard Wigmers house, we will se him as we do returne home again, we will not tary now

because

because euery Inne is pestered with Londoners and carriers, and it is earely daies; how like you this toune Dame?

Vxor.

A prette streate, but me thinke the people go very plain, it is no citee as I do suppose by their maners: what house is this at the tounes ende, compassed with a Pote?

Ciuis.

Here dwelleth a friende of ours; this is called the folde.

Vxor.

What greate smoke is in yonder wood God graunt it be well.

Ciuis.

It is nothing but makyng of Charcole, in that place.

Vxor.

A wise coc-ney. Why, is Charcole made? I had thought all thynges had be made at London, yet I did neuer see no Charcoles made there: by my truth I had thought that thei had growen vpon trees, and had not been made.

Ciuis.

You are a wise woman, thei are made of woode: but how like you this heath? Here was foughte a fearfull field, called Palme Sondais

Sondale battaile, in kyng Edwarde the fowerth time, many thousandes wer slain on this grounde, here was slaine the noble Erle of Warwicke.

Roger.

If it please your maistership, my graūdfather was also here, with .rr. talle men of the Parishe, whereas I was borne, & none of thē escaped, but my graundfather onely I had his bowe in my hande many a time no man could stirre the string when it was bente: also his harnes was worne vpō our sainct Georges backe in our churche, many a colde Winter after, and I harde my grandame tell how he escaped.

Ciuis.

Well Roger I praie thee: howe he did escape the daunger.

Roger.

Sir, when the battaile was pitched, and appointed to bee foughten, nere vnto this Windmill, and the Somons geuen by the Harottes of armes, that spere, polar, black bille, bowe and arrowes, should bee sette a woorke the daie folowyng, & that it should be tried by bloodie weapon, a sodain feare fel on my grandfather: and the same night

Warnet fielde.

when it was darke, he stale out of the erles campe, for feare of the kinges displeasure, and hid hym in the Woode, and at length he espied a greate hollowe Oke tree, with armes somewhat greene, and climbed vp, partly through cunning, for he was a thatcher, but feare was worthe a ladder to him and then by the helpe of a writhen arme of the tree he wente doune, and there remained a good while, and was fedde there by the space of a monethe, with olde Ackors, and Nuttes, which squirelles had brought in, and also did in his Sallet kepe the rain water for his drinke, and at lengthe escaped the daunger.

Ciuis.

So he mighte for any stripes that he had there: he was well harnessed with a Tree, but I neuer read this in the Chronicle.

Roger.

There be many thinges [and it shal please your Maistership] whiche are not written in the Chronicles: I do thinke are as true, as Jhon your man do read vnto me, when we doe go to bedde, almoste euery night, I shall neuer forget thē, farewell good Jhon

Ciuis.

What

What are thei Roger?

Roger.

Marie ſir, he tolde me in the olde tyme, how Horſes, Shepe, Hogges, Dogges, Cattes, Rattes, and Miſe did ſpeake, and I doe partlie beleue that, for as moche as our Parate will ſaie, Parate is a minion, and beware the Catte: and ſhe will cal me Roger, as plaine as your Maiſterſhip, and although Hogges haue loſt their ſpeache, yet thei doe vnderſtande: when I doe whiſtell, Trowle wil come, he will fetche my gloue, my bolte in the water, or ſtoope, or lye doune when I bidde hym. And ſurelie he whiche doe vnderſtande, and here what I doe ſaie, maie ſpeake alſo: but that there are ſo many languages now adaies, he cã not tell whiche to ſpeake, and to leaue all a lone, and turneth all to plain barkyng, as women doe, when as thei doe fall from reaſonyng into ſcoldyng. Dogges and women.

Ciuis.

Thou fooliſhe knaue, what meaneſte thou to ſpeake thus? Hogges did neuer ſpeake, thei do want reaſon. For there are three thynges to bee conſidered, in eche liuing creature: the firſt is vegitable, wher- Three things conſidered in all creatures.

in man, Dogge and tree, are all one. The seconde is sensible, in this, man and dogge are all one. The third is, where man excelleth al other creatures, where he haue reason and iudgemente, hauyng acte to dooe well, and power to doe euill: through this reason man doe speake. The beaste wanteth reason, therefore he speaketh not. &c. But Dogges are taught by custome, and not moued by reason.

Roger.

Well sir, our Iohns booke shall confound your talke, for I did se it in writing, and that whiche is written, I will beleue and folowe by Gods grace, and no more.

Ciuis.

Why, wil you doe no more for me, then I haue commaunded you by writing: you are an honest felowe?

Roger.

Rogers writyng. When I came to you first, you gaue me a scroll of parchment, wherin said you, do no more but as this commaũdeth, and I will aske no more of thee, but allow thy seruice Now in case your Maistership with your horse, fell bothe into the myre ouer the eares: if it wer not in my writing, to help you bothe

bothe forthe, I haue doen you no euill ser-
uice. Ha, ha, ha, how cracke you this nutte?

Vxor.

It wer a good deede to cracke your pate
you saucie verlet: Gods dentie Jacke sauce
whence came you?

Roger.

Forsothe out of the countree, Maistres
nisibecetur, as fine as fippence: how prete-
ly you can call verlet, and sweare by Gods
deintie. God bleese you, I did neuer se you
stomble before.

Vxor.

Out roge and slaue, auaunte villaine,
out of my sight knaue.

Roger.

I thinke you learned your Rhetorike in
the vniuersitee of Bridewell: you wer ne-
uer well wormed, when you wer young.

Vxor.

Sir, you do ride to fast: haue you not heard
what this honest man haue saied to me?

Ciuis.

Dame, all thinges must bee taken in good
parte, I heard nothing: if any thing bee a-
misse, at our return it shalbe amended, we
must haue one riding foole by the waie, so

that it bee dooen merilie, and exceade not. Well, feloiwe you doe beleue that beaſtes will ſpeake, becauſe it is wꝛitten ſo of thē.

Roger.

That I will, if that my Maiſtres wille holde her peace, I will pꝛoue it.

Vxor.

I pꝛaie you geue eare to no ſoche trifles and lies, good houſebande.

Ciuis.

I pꝛaie you bee contente, it is as good to heare a lye, wbiche hurteth not: as ſometyme a true tale that pꝛofiteth not. Let on gentle Roger a Gods name: ride nere, and let vs be merie.

Roger.

The tale of the Lyon.

It ſo chaunced in the pleaſaunt tyme of Maie, a luſtie young Lion after his pꝛaie, oꝛ newe eaten ſpoile, did lye hym doune to ſlepe, and yet being a ſlepe, the beaſtes that iwer nere hande, did quake and tremble in beholding of his moſte fearful coũtenaũce, and fledde awaie. The pooꝛe tillie Mouſe, crept out of her ſmall caue, and came ſoftelie, thinkyng no harme, and plaied about the Lyon, and piped merelie, wherewith the Lyon awaked ſodainlie, and was angrie,

grie, caught the Mouse forthwith, thinking to haue deuoured it: but this poore Mouse kneled doune vpon her knes, and helde vp her handes, saiyng: I haue offended youre lordship, I praie you therefore forgeue me, and lette me haue my life, and ones I shall requite it you, wherat the Lio smiled, and let her passe awaie in peace. Within fewe daies, thesame Lion was taken in a strong Nette, thinkyng neuer to haue been deliuered: and cried moste fearfully with desperacion. But gentle Margerie Mouse, withall speede came runnyng, and with sharpe filed teethe, did gnawe and shred the strong cordes, whiche intrapped the Lion: wherewith he stoode at liberte, and went his waie. This is true, whē Mise and Lions did speake: I will abide by thesame, sir if it shall please your Maistership.

Sapience in pouertie.

Cuius.

No surelie, Lyons nor Mise did neuer speake, Roger: but some wise manne haue writtē this to this ende, that like as cruelte is to bee vtterlie auoided, euen so ingratitude is to be abhorred. We may here by consider, that verie poore menne in the time of trouble, maie help the mightie and

Note this.

Ingratitude strong, and often times doe in dede. Why should then the greate lorde, forget the benefite of a powre grome, which many waies maie pleasure him: (if ỹ simple Mouse wer from the Lyon) then the gentleman were moste wretched, in occupacion & drudgerie moste vile. If poore and simple men, in the tyme of extreme persecutiõ, by Gods prouidẽce haue deliuered the oppressed, which persecuted or oppressed, since are come to greate promotiõ, bothe spirituall and temporall, doe forget thesame benefites again It wer not onely the partes of infidels, but also more ingratefull then beastes, as horses, whiche haue rescued their maisters in battaill, and dogges, whiche would neuer eate after their maisters death, but die vpõ their graues. An other kind of ingratitude is with Iudas, whẽ one bestowe a benefite vpon a man, thesame manne to inuente to murder his frende. As if a man in the time of cold, should finde a snake, and for folishe pitie, put hym into his bosome to warme him, I thinke his nature is to sting the mã Or if a Shepherde should bryng a young Wolfe vp emong his Lambes, and geue him Milke, surely he would fall to bloode

Knauishe ingratitude.

at

at length, and kill the Shepherde himselfe: Marke this.

Roger.

Sir, you haue well expounded my tale, now I know your meaning: I perceiue it is not good keping of suche vnkind beastes, thei are verie costly and perilous, & would haue Jacke Drakes medicene. Sir, vpon a time when quaklyng Duckes did speake, and Hēnes kackling could talke, which in deede are continuall companions, because thei are Foules (Marie of sondrie kyndes, and names) for Duckes and all water foules, doe not onely take the benefite of goodly ponds, riuers, and pleasaunt waters, in the tyme of hotte Sommer, with many deintie meates, and at their pleasures, thei doe take the commoditee of the lande also. The lande birdes doe but onely liue vpon the lande as fotemen: (as for Haukes and fleyng birdes of the woodde, whiche daily persecuteth eche other, as murderers dooe innocentes, or cruell riche men the poore, that would liue in reste, I medle not withal.) Upō a time the Drake with his Duck and his neighbours the Gese, beyng pleasauntlie disposed (as Judas was in plaiyng the traitour) onely to destroie the land Jacke drake. Traitours.

foules, to the ende that thei might enioye, both lande & water together at their pleasure. After the example of coueteous men, that would haue all thynges in their handes, and when one manne haue any good profitable trade to liue vpon, thei will couette or vse thesame: although their poore neighbors do perishe, and that is the cause of moche trouble good maister, now adaies that euery callyng doe pinche & poole eche other, and where the hedge is lowest, that commonlie is soneste caste to grounde, but the strong stakes, will stand in the storme. I speake not of the lustie Lawiers, nor the mightie marchaūtes, no, no, I wil obserue nothing in them, let euery Fatte stande vpon his owne bottome.) Nowe saied the Drake to the lande foules: good cosins we are moche bounde vnto you, for your daily entertainemente in good chere, and daiely companie: we with our wiues and childre are moche bound vnto you, you are moste naturall vnto vs, we daiely fede and take of your commoditie, and come at our pleasures. Now therefore, take parte with vs, and vse your pleasure vppon the Water, there is plentie of young frie & fishe, greate

Rogers obseruacion.

store

ſtore, Hallet herbes of ſondrie kindes, good
against euery woūde or griefe: bothe meate
and medicen. &c. Oh Lorde what pleasure
is there to be had, come ſweete hartes, & let
vs take our progreſſe, to the pleaſaūt riuer
of Tagus, where as the ſandes of that flod
are precious gold, there is bothe pleasure &
riches, go and gather wealth and treasure:
here is pouertie, there is ſweetenelle, and
here but ſtinkyng dunghilles, there is li-
bertie, and here in bondage, there is ioye of
the mynde, and here daily feare of the For Cōparisons.
that falſe traitour. This ſweete tale plea-
ſed well the lande foules (as it is often ty-
mes ſeen, that faire wordes make fooles
fain) notwithſtandyng the Cocke ſaid vn-
to the Drake, Gollippe, our bringyng vp,
haue been by lande, and our fathers alſo,
wee can not ſwim, we haue no webbes in
our fete to rowe withall as you haue: wee
feare drounyng. What ſaied the Drake:
what nedeth these wordes emōg frendes:
Vſe maketh perfitenelle, wee will teache
you to ſwim by arte, as well as we doe by
nature (nothing is to hard to willing min-
des.) Well, let vs goe together, haue with
you ſaied the Cocke, then verie womanlie
the

Merie when friendes doo meete.

the Ducke did take the Henne by the hand folowing their houſe bandes, whiche were arme and arme, walking before the Chickens, and the Ducklynges followed in a goodlie traine, as it had been to a ſumptuous Mariage, betweene the Cockes eldeſte ſoonne with the pale face, and the Drakes doughter with the prete fote: at the water ſide, the Drake with all the water foules, did ſtope lowe, and receiue their carriage, and when thei were all a kockehorſe together, thei wente into the water. And eftſones, when the Drake gaue his watche woorde, the water foules did all ſincke at ones, and all the lande foules wer ſodainly in a wrecke, and many of them periſhed, and ſome with moche a doe came to lande, as the Cocke and the Hēne, whiche returned home with care and ſhame, and liued long in lamētation, and remained ſolitarie, without companie of water foules: the For whiche had gaines a both ſides, made the league with a learned oracion, painted full of Rhetorike betwen them: declaryng what vnitee was betwene brethren, and the fruites and peace, and ſo reconciled the water foules to lande, where was a feined truce,

Horſemen.

trute, taken with moche dissemblyng, yet verie good chere, shakyng of handes, kissyng. &c. Greate was the feaste at the Cockes place, the Nightyngale was there, to pleasure them with Muslike, moche daunsyng, and after thesame a cosilie banketter as you knowe the maner of the water foules, doe commonlie sitte nere the ground, but lande foules doe mounte vp to perke, and so thei did. And when all were at rest, secretly the Cocke sente by the Catte a token, to come and doe execution emong the gratefull traitours: the Cat was glad, and ran to the Fox, finding him in sacrifice and praier, and shortlie declared thamballage. The Fore at the firste refused so hainous and bloodie a deede: declaryng his indifferencie and rightousnesse like a father, and also what ciuill opinion many creatures, causeles had in him. Marie saied he, I love the Cocke and his wife verie well: I also knowe how the Water foules haue doen, I haue made the vnitee betwene theim. I will therfore not be sæn in this matter my self, but twoo of my soonnes shall doe the feacte, go before, and clime in at the windowe, and open the doore. So in fine it was

doen,

doen, sodainlie the watey soules paied for the Malte grindyng, and were slaine like flattryng ingratefull villaines: and this is Jhon Drakes medicen.

Ciuis.

This tale is well tolde Roger, I thanke thee: ingratefull people and flatterers bee moste wicked, and the childzen of Judas, if any man bee pzepharred by an other man, and made riche: if this riche manne should forget that benefite to his friende if he fell into pouertie, whether would the pooz mãnes lacke moze vere him, oz thingratitude of him that he hath pleasured: (which perhaps hath saied, if euer I haue soche a Mariage, yea oz soche a ferme. And in case if he be of the clergie, soche a bishopzike, pzebẽdarie. &c. thou shalt not want as long as I can helpe, I will neuer forget your curtesie, shewed to me in these my daies of trouble, how saiest thou to this question Roger

Note this note well.

Roger.

Knauerie.

Sir, sauing your reuerence, you maie cal it ingratitude: but slaundzing no man in my iudgement, it is plain knauerie. Therfoze it is good tryng of friendes befoze nede do require, as the mã which taught his sonne to

to kille a ſwine, and put him in a ſacke all bloodie, and ſecretly to proue his friendes, whiche of theim would helpe, not onelie to hide the ſlain man, but alſo helpe to cõuaie him in ſaferie, and to conclude, in the time of trouble, emong many be found but one.

A frende at neede.

Ciuis.

Marie God defende, that murder ſhould be cloked by frendſhip, whiche although it be, yet God often himſelf will take vengeaunce bee it neuer ſo cloſe, as example in Cain. I like not this example of thyne.

Secret murther, openlie punished.

Roger.

I haue better in ſtore, if you will here it.

Ciuis.

Haie on a Gods name, it is good paſſing the time, but me thinke we ride to faſt, we haue daie enough: how do you wife, what chere with you?

Vxor.

Well ſir, I thanke you, I heare your talke well. God be with our frẽdes at home, and forgeue our foes, and ende thes plagues at London, & amende al people that through ſinne haue moued God to plague vs.

Ciuis.

It is well ſaid good wife. Amen. Amen.

Remember

Remember your talke goodman Roger.

Roger.

A tale of a Frier.

Sir, in our countrée there was a man, whiche by occupacion was a Frier (or Religion, whether you will) I did knowe him well, he wore a graie cote, well tucked vnder his corded girdle, with a paire of trime white hose, the knaue had a good legge (for his brother was a Yeoman of the Garde, whiche was a greate wrestler) Marie this Frier although he did rise to the Quere by darcke night, he neded no candell his nose was so redde and bright, and although he had but little money in store in his purse, yet his nose and cheekes wer well set with currall and rubies: and I doe remember, the gentleman had one greate orient perle in his right ye, he neuer trauelled without Aquæviti, and spectacles, and fine Needles with a quarter staffe in his neck, whiche he called a bicsse beggar, he had many proper colacions and pardons in store, he song his prickesong verie trime, he would haue bæn lothe that any should haue song one note aboue hym in the Quere, he was welbeloued in the coũtrée, specially emõg women, a close man, he was neuer without

but a bale of dice, Marie he vsed no foisting nor cogging, he plaied wel at tables, and of all meates he moste loued a fat Pigge and a pudding, but he might not awaie to eate Communions, nor read the scripture, it euer went against his stomacke, but he was cockhope for Portas matters and cakes: I dare saie he could raise belzebub and bring deuils to crepe and crouche in a circle: also he had the Foolosophers stons, and taught many his secretes therein. Upon a tyme this holy Frier in the moneth of June trauelled in his pleasaunt prograce, with his boie folowyng hynt, whiche was in deede his sisters sõne, one yong Renob by name, a pretie young strippyng: and as thei had walked from the morning, vntill tenne of the clocke, after the Frier had saied our ladie Mattens, with a Collect of S. Fraunces his patrõ, he sat doune vnder a hawthorne tree, to rest with his boie also, & gaue care to the pleasaunte charme of sweete birdes, moche commending the Coko, because she kept so constante her plain song, when the Nightingale did sing the discant. Oh saied the boie, this were Paradise, if here were meate and drinke for our reliefe, I would

The Friers deuotes.

Yong Renob.

desire no better dwellyng. Yes saied the Frier, it wer better to be a Pope, whiche is aboue all men, Angelles & deuils, whiche haue the keyes of heauen gates vnder his girdle: to whō the kinges of the worlde do seruice. That is past my reche said the boy I lacke frendes, age, and learnyng to take that dignitie. Who will finde fault and if thou wert the Pope my poore boie, said the Frier, by my preferment, what kindnesse wouldest thou shew to me, beyng so moche thy frende? sir said the boie, you shoulde be a Latro Cardinall on my right hand, and be half with me in my kingdome, remember saied the Frier your promise, gene me thy hande my lad. I promise thee I will make thee Pope. Then he raised sir Sathanas the patron of Popes, trāsformed the tree wher the boie was into kyngly palace, with S. Peters throne, with infinite of the clergie, emong whom sate this yong Pope, forthwith came the Frier in this golden dream, very lowly he kneled and put the Pope in remembraunce who he was, and what he had doen, hoping to be gratified, to whom sir Pope said, I knowe thee not thou lowsie beggar, and false Frier, I am discended of

Frier and Latro.

The Popes Patrone.

of kingly parentage, aduaunced by God & learning, alwaie with thy blacke curlle, awaie. Forthwith the frier by subtle calculacion, withdrewe this deluſion of his maſter the deuil, & the late pope with his pope became again the Friers boie, ſitting in a Birche tree, to whom the Frier ſaid: now ỹ falſe vile boie, I knowe what you would haue doone, if you had been Pope. Come doune in the deuilles name, and carry my wallet. And firſt for your knauerie, I will make you a baſket of birche, and thus my yong maiſter was ſerued in this ſorte.

Pride will haue a fall.

Chris.

Honours do chaunge maners, yet pride will haue a fall. I dooe remember a poore yong man, by fortune was aduaunced into promocion, to whom one of his olde fellowes came, and ſpake homelie vnto hym, after the olde faſhion, as when thei dweite together, in ſcorne the riche man aunſwered diſdainfully, after this maner.

Take me as I am, and not as I was:
We are now no felowes it is com to paſſe

To whom the other made aunſwere thus againe.

Sometime thou wart, ỹ now thou art not.

A churle incarnate.

And now thou art that thā thou werst not
And what thou shalt be tell thou cāst not,
Although a churles hart, liue ȳ maist not.
Well, well, God sende euery ship to a good
Hauen, and sende vs peace, and sease this
plague, that we maie returne home again
to our old acquaintaunce, for this weeke I
doe remember. rr. good felowes met toge-
ther at one banket, my very frendes Mar-
chaūtes and others: you knowe them well
Roger, towardes yong men & honest, great
doers, close and iust, wittie I warrant you
to preuēt any prouiso in the lone of monie,
by moneth or yere, no state or time wil nip
them, thei can wisely colour the matter, for
Roger, that is an art emong marchauntes
not to be reueled, God sende me into their
companie again. Notwithstāding I haue
bæn no great doer in lending forth mony.

Closenesse in Vsurers.

Roger.

Maister, it greeueth me in mine hart, that
you shall neuer meete altogether again.

Ciuis.

Wherefore.

Roger.

A tale of many Foxes.

Sir, vpon a time a nomber of Foxes as-
sembled together at a great banket, where
as

as was great plentie of lambes flesh, hennes. &c. In the ende of the feast, this blessed companie lothe to departe, inquired of old Reinold the daie, wherin thei should mete again to be merie: I will tel you said Reinard, when we shall mete again, & so trained thē vp to an high mountain, where as there were many high waies derined into sondrie countries, farewel said he my children, and folowe your fathers steppes, goe euery one a sondry waie, for we shal neuer mete again at a banket, vntill we do mete together in the Skinners shop. Sir, I haue wayed the matter, I warrante you it will proue so. One of late departed, I will not name vnto you, whiche is ded & buried, my felowe Jhon did read his Epitaphe to me.

Ciuis.

What was it I praie thee?

Roger.

No sir, you will be angrie then.

Ciuis.

Surelie, I will geue no place to anger to chafe my blood: it is perilous in the Pestilent time. For next to the seruyng of almightie God, and my Christian duetie to my neighbour: I will geue my self onelie

what wisemen should doo, to preserue health.

to mirthe, whiche is the greateſte ieſtwell of this worlde.

Roger.

Sir, thus it was, an Epitaph of one that was a greate vſurer, couetous, mercileſſe, and churliſhe, but paſſyng riche, he knewe no ende of his goodes: it made him looke a lofte, and many louted full lowe at his preſence. And thus it was written of him.

An Epitaph of a couetous manne.

Here lieth Gathrall that never did good,
A gentlemanne degenerate, yet ſprong of good bloot:
Mercileſſe, an vſurer al the daies of his life
An oppreſſer of poore mē, a mouer of ſtrief:
A Papiſte of religion, a ſoldiour of Rome,
Here dwelleth his carkas til ỹ daie of dom
Depriued of riches, ſpoiled of fame,
Nothing left i memorie, but an euil name
His iudgemēt we cōmēde to ỹ ſeat diuine,
Yet he liued like a wolf, & died like a ſwine

Ciuis.

Who was this made vppon, Roger I praie thee tell me.

Roger.

Name no bodie.

No ſo God helpe me, I will not name him inquire it out: but I heard a frend of mine ſaie, that he had written a booke againſte extorcio-

Extorcioners and Vsurers, whiche if thei amende not, he will name them, and paint them forthe, not onely them, but their parentes, whiche are dedde, whiche vsed that vile trade of vsurie, procuryng Gods vengeaunce, incaſing the Peſtilence vpon cities, tounes, and countrees. Cauſyng poouertie, breaking vp houſes moſte auncie̅te ſelling to lende vpon gain, deſtroiyng hoſpitalitie, with infinite incombraunces by forfitures ſtatutes. &c. Oh that the vſurers goodes wer confiſcated after their deathes to the cōmon poꝛe, as in caſe thei had ſlain themſelues, and that thei had no power in lawe, to be wil vnto their childꝛē ẏ which was gotten in ſeruyng the deuill, whiche would not proſpere to the. iij. heire, forcuil gottē goodes are euill ſpent ſaid our curat vpon Sondale. Oh that the buriyng were turned into open caſtyng forth emong ded cattell, and not nombꝛed in the chriſten folowſhippe after death, whiche in life haue been ſo wicked, ſo ſated our Curate. Sir, you heard not how a man of late did lette forth his Cow by ẏ quarter, & by the yere. The fruictes of Vſurie and Extorcion.

Ciuis.

No, I praie thee tell me.

Roger.

Of the Vsurers Cowe. There was a man of late, whiche had one C. pound, whiche he called his Cowe, and secretly did lende her forthe, sometyme by the weke, and his price was. v. shillinges the weke, and when her milke became derer, and many lasking dates at hãde, he called for his Cowe, and said that she gaue in different milke. But saied he, I muste put her into a better pasture, and she shall geue more milke by. v. shilling in the weke. &c. and at length white meate became a little better cheape, because of the great plentie of sothe kiene in the toune, that his Cowe was brought home again, because that she was letten so dere, now because she hadde doen him good seruice, and he had no more but her at home, and calfe he had none by her to kepe vp the stocke. His seruaunt loued milke well, and could get none of that Cowe: when his maister was from home, stale the Cowe and ran his waie, and hetherto hath not been found, neither Cowe nor man, and all the milke is gone.

Many Vsurers.

Ciuis.

A meruailous thing good lorde: What would sothe grasiers doe, if thei had many cat-

cattell or kiene in store?

Roger.

Thei would destroie all a common welth, but we see what mischief thei haue doen.

Ciuis.

It is tyme to baite oure Horses in this toune: if there be any good meate, we will dine, prepare Roger, for wee haue farre to ride this night. Knowe what compaignie is in the Inne: and whether the house bee infected or no?

Roger.

Sir, I was in the haule, and there sitteth our hoste, a pleasaunt merie manne, and a good compaignion I warrante him: I see by his nose, that of al potage he loueth good ale, he is mounsire graundpanche, he hath chaked the Parsone woundrouslie, whiche with a paire of spectacles, plaieth at tables with him, he stealeth fast the table men frō him. Our hostes hath a sharpe nose, thinne lipped, a proper yong woman, with a shril voice like a Catte: but when she is pleased I warrant her to be a pleasaunt woman, and full of meritrix. The good man of this house bringeth vp youth verie well, and is verie louing to his soonne, and I perceiue

Of geastes in the Inne.

Meritrix.

he will beare moche with hym.

Ciuis.

Wherein?

Vxor.

A yong man well brought vp.

When I came into the halle, my yong maister leaned vpon his fathers shoulder, with his cappe vpon his hedde, sittyng and coughyng like a lought.

Ciuis.

Call the chamberlain, and let vs haue a chamber seuerallie.

Roger.

With all spede a Gods name. Chāberlain, prepare your chamber, with all thinges accordingly in thesame, for my maister and maistres. Whip maister Ostler with a caste of ligerdemain, bestirre you sirrha, and make.xij. d. of three botles of stinkyng Hate and a pecke of Ottes. You can make a stoned horse a gelding, and a long taile a curtall. You knowe my meanyng wele enough: hem sirrha, I saie nothyng but mū I haue seen you often in Smithfielde.

The honestie of an hostler.

Vxor.

What, sir sauce, you take vpō you to plaie the Comptroller: goe quietly about your owne businesse, and let the Ostler alone.

Roger

Roger.

Maistres, it is merie when knaues are mette, I did see hym ones aske blessyng to my Godfathers at ones.

Ciuis.

This is a comlie parlour, verie netlie and trimlie apparelled, London like, the windowes are well glased, & faire clothes with pleasaunte borders aboute the same, with many wise sayynges painted vpon theim. A parlour.

Vxor.

I praie you housband what is that writyng in those golden letters.

Ciuis.

Melius est claudus in via quam cursor preter viam. That is, better is an halting mā whiche kepeth the right waie, then a swift ronner besides, that wandereth a straie.

Vxor.

What is that man, I praie you?

Ciuis.

Non hominis consuetudinem sed dei veritatem sequi oportet: whiche is. It behoueth vs not to followe the constitucions or customes of men, but to followe the truthe of Gods woorde. And also there is a good sayyng folowyng the same. The truthe muste bee followed.

Doctrinis

The beſt doctrine is Godes woorde.

Doctrinis varijs & peregrinis ne circumferamini. That is: be not ledde or caried about with diuers or ſtraũge doctrine. Here is more folowyng, written vpon the chimney good wife, whiche I will kepe in ſtore. Oh God what ſerpentes thei are, lorde defende me frõ them. I will rede it to my ſelf. O mulier omne facinus auſa eſt plus quam omne, verum nihil eſt peius, nec erit vnqã mulieræ inter hominum calamitatis.

Vxor.

A Wuller is a naughtie woorde, ſaied the gentlewoman.

Well man, well, truth ſeketh no corners, I perceiue there is ſome noughtie matter, that I knowe not, but by one thing that I doe here, you rede, make me thinke all the reſt is not well, becauſe the firſt woorde is ſtarke naughtie that is. O mulier, whiche I am ſure is, nor euer was good. I praie you huſbande, what picture is that folowing.

Ciuis.

Oh wife, it was the picture or Effigium of a noble man, which in his daies ſtrued a moſte noble kyng, and was like the cutter doune of trees by the grounde. But if God had not vppon ſome ſecrete purpoſe, preuented his labour in the woode of Antichriſte, he would haue vtterly eradicated

The Lorde Cromwell.

the

the rootes with all Papistrie, whiche dailie spryngeth out in euery corner, to the hurte of better fruictes, but by Gods grace thei shalbe confounded as God will.

Vxor.

What picture is that, whiche haue a grate hore hed, a long goune, and a locke of gold lokyng his lippes together: with many goodlie bookes before hym, and a paire of blinde spectacles vpon his nose, with a golden penne fallen from his handes.

This picture signifieth greate clerkes euill occupied in keping silence.

Ciuis.

Oh wife, wife, it is a Candell couered with a Bushell, and the noble Talente of wisedome hidde, whiche muste make great accomptes, for kepyng silence.

Vxor.

Sir, in that table enuironed rounde with antikes of sondrie portratures, the ground wherof is hoping Russet are three pictures blacke scholer like, or in mourning clothing the first of them with a Rake in his hande with teeth of golde, doe stoupe verie lowe, groping belike in ỳ lake after some thyng that he would finde, and out of this deepe water aboue the Rake a little steple. The seconde gapeth vp towardes the heauen,

The golden Rake.

holdyng

holdyng the lappe of his goune abrode, as though he would catche something, and to wardes thesame lappe or spred goun doth falle, as it were a churche with a stiple and quere. &c. The third man standeth in poor apparell, with a booke in his right hande, and his lefte hande vpon his breast, with a lamentable countenaunce, in simple apparell: what meaneth this housebande?

A gaper.
A catcher.
A poore man.

Ciuis.

Dame, I dare saie but little to this matter to others, but to you, I wil speake a little, and not so moche as I doe thinke. The first man is one, that hath but a verie smal learning, lesser wit, & lesse honestie, he hath no vertue to prefer him to liuing, but onely the name and title of a priest or minister he would fain haue a benefice or personage of some prette donatiue, he cannot get it at the Bishoppes handes, he lacketh Goddes plough. This felowe raketh with the Deuils golden rake, euen in the conscience of the couetous patrons, or confounders hart whiche geueth the benefice, he plaieth Symon Magus, he will bie it, and with Iudas the other will sell it, and at length it is gotten for gold, and spent with wickednes, to the

I meane no honest or lerned mennne.

Magus and Iudas.

the slaunder of the churche: God defend vs from soche rakers and Simoniakes. The second is sicke of the mother, and like vnto heires, when as the fathers haue left them fairr landes, thei mourne of the chine, and are neuer contented but wimper & whine, vntill the mothers are ded, and when it so cometh to passe, their wicked couetousnes by one meanes or other, cometh to shame and pouertie. This honest man gapeth for a vouson of a benefice before it is fallen, & doeth catche it or it cometh to the ground, before the death of the discombent. He wil not suffer it to fal into relappe. This man is a steward to a greate man, or kepeth his hall, garden or barnes, or is a wiseman & a good husbande. Loke where his maister is patron, there he hopeth to be person. He gathereth for his yong maisters, his patrons sonne: his patron must be his executour, or some of his masters kinsmen. This felow walloweth in benefices, as the Hedgehog doeth with apples vpon his prickes, & hath the benefite but of the apple in his mouth: he getteth nothing of his promotions, but onely one litle benefice, yet his master wil snatche at that, either to saue the wol or la:

Children sicke of the mother remedy is the gallowes.

Patrons Charitie.

And

Spirituall promocion. And so he hath onely the shels or glorious titles of promocion, but the geuer hath the swete kernels: God amende this good wife. The third is, one whiche sheweth the state of learned men, labouring lōg time in studie and diuine vertue, whiche are wrapped in pouertie, wanting the golden Rake, or gaping mouth. This man hath very selue to preferre hym to that promocion, he smiteth himself vpō the breast, he wepeth and lamenteth, that vice should thus be exalted ignorance rewarded with glorie, couetous men spoilyng the Churche by the names of Patrones and geuers, whiche are extorcioners and sellers, thei care not to whō, so that it be raked. Well, well, God of his mercie, amende this euill Market.

Symonie.

Note this.

Vxor.

A Judges skinne. Upon that wall is painted a mans skin, and tanned, coloured like vnto Leather, with the skin of the handes and feete, nailes and heere remainyng, and the skin is spred abrode, in the whiche is written certain wordes, whiche I doe not vnderstāde.

Ciuis.

Wife, I wishe more soche leather, or els fewer soche carcases, as soche leather hath con-

conteined in it. It is the skin of a wicked Iudge, a Lawier, whiche plaied on bothe handes. This gētleman loued gold aboue God, and crueltie aboue Iustice: bothe his eares were stopped, his yen open, he had respect of persones: specially who brought in lucre, and made hym humble curtesies, them he would defend, although their causes in righteousnesse deserued it not. The innocent he oppressed that wāted, and vndid many a mā. His maister being a great prince (in the whole multitude of the people, and specially of the Lawiers, to certifie them. And to decline from euill and doe good, to haue the eares open, to heare both riche and poore alike, in the seate of iudgemente, to haue lame handes in takyng of money, which is the roote of al euill emōg them.) Commaunded his skin to be flain from his flesshe, he beyng yet liuyng, roaryng with blood runnyng from his bodie, and died in a case moste miserable. Vppon whose skin is this writyng, hangyng in the Iudgemente halle, before the place of Iustice.

A wicked Iudge his reward.

A good prince

Money doeth great mischief in this world

· Iudex qui non queret veritatem, debet excoriari. A Iudge whiche will (for lucre)

not seke out the truthe (in the lawe) oughte to haue his skin flaine from his bodie.

Vxor.

Here standeth a woman of moste excellent forme in shape, and fairenes in beautie, with a croune of riche gold, with seuen precious stones, fired in the border of her croune, couered with a costely mantell frō her pappes downward, her breastes naked the right brest geueth milke vnto ỹ mouth of the yong child on the right side. And frō the left brest floweth blod, into the mouthe of an other child: what meaneth this?

Ciuis.

It is a goodly picture, and signifieth the estate of an vniuersitie, or multitude of scholers, which cometh to be nourished in lerning. Whiche mother the vniuersitie, beyng crouned with the seuen liberall artes, fired in her crounc: and as many as taste of her doctrine, in the better part in vertue, to this ende to doe well be blessed, thei do taste vpon the right breast, but the left breaste, yeldeth forthe doctrine of Errours, Magiches, Papistrie. &c. To this ende to persecute, robbe and spoile Christes Churche: God graunt that bothe these brestes maie

Vniuersitee, the fruictes therof.

geue

gene good milke, to nourishe the people of God, in one holy doctrin to eche vocacio, to agree in vnitee like brethē, and that the vniuersitees maie teache the learned actes, & one true religion in this Christ our lorde.

One pure well, grieueth but cleane water.

Vxor.

What is that picture, whiche graffeth a golden Impe, vpon a Leaden stocke, with a bagge of money of greate bignesse, hanging aboute his necke?

Cruis.

It should seme to be a pitifull case, it is a noble couetous Semior, whiche for goldes sake, doe make dispargiment of his blood, marieng and sellyng his sonne and heire, vnto some Extorcioner, or shamelesse vsurers doughter, whose fruites are so infected on the mothers side, that thei will become as counterfeate, craftie compounded mettall, and neuer come to the true touch stone again. The fine mettal is so corrupted through couetousnesse and naturalle coniunccion, as we doe se graffes of trees, (fire yong Impes) although the Impe bee of a fine Pippin, and graffed into an euill stocke. You shall knowe that fruite by the tree, a plague prepared for gentlemen, for

Note also ye vertue & gentlenesse maketh a gentleman. Euen so auncient bloodde wrapped in vice, is but grosse gentlenesse.

their abuse.

Vxor.

Upon that Table before you, is painted a naked manne, lying doune wounded, vpon whom sredeth many Flies with fulle bealies, and there commeth an other man, whiche with a greene braunche of Rosemarie, beate them awaie.

Ciuis.

A Metaphor. It should appere by the circumstaunce, that it is not hurtfull to keepe officers still in place: for when thei haue filled their purses, and haue all thinges accordinglie, thei are well, and if thei be remoued ofteiones, the neiwe hongrie Flies will bere the bodie of the common wealth, and neuer ceasse vntill thei be also satisfied. &c.

The hongrie Flie will fill his bealie.

Vxor.

Yet what is that man I praie you, that sitteth in a riche throne a siepe, and one doue blowe in his care, with a paire of golden bellowes, and an other do picke his purse?

Ciuis.

Flatterie of noble menne. That same is a mightie person, ouercome with adulacio or flatterie, careleslie, swimmyng in pleasure and vainglorie, whom his men doe vse like an honie Combe, and vai-

daiely spoile hym of his riches, by sondrie fraudes, whiche he perceiueth not.

Vxor.

And what meaneth yonder Pule, holding his hedde so lowe: with a plain blacke coote clothe, shodde with golden shooes?

Cruis.

Wife, silence now is beste: I will saie nothyng to the matter. The Pule carieth a Matter, that will dooe nothyng but for gold, and the soles of the worlde, that lous debate and strief, must shooe this Pule. who shal shoe the Pule.

Vxor.

Here is a rowe of pictures like Prelates painted one by an other in the border, in three partes. The first are barefooted men barehedded, long garmentes, and bookes in their handes, some of them are bloodie. The seconde companie are mitred, & shode with Shepherdes hookes in one hand, and bookes in the other hande. The third sort haue Sweordes in their handes, crouned with triple crounes, clothed in kyngly robes, with frounyng faces, and bookes vnder their feete: and nerte after them sitteth an olde mangie slaue naked, with a triple croune, makyng or patchyng of a Nette, The description of the Romishe Churche.

from whom goeth as it wer, menne laden with tounes, wooddes, and treasure.

Ciuis.

The descriptiō of the prelates of the Romishe Churche.

Wise, this is the true Churche of God, and the malignaunte Synagoge of Antichrist figured: first the true Preachers and martyres of Gods churche, simple menne, whiche folowed moste nereste the testamēt of Christe. After this persecucion, then entred Confessours, good men, whiche lined welle, and accordyng to the Apostles doctrine: were good Shepherdes, withstoode the Wolues of heresies. &c. Kepte hospitalitee, and liue accordynglie, and were as Lambes and good Wheate. Then for the sinnes of Princes, and wickednes of men, came in Wolues emong Lambes, Darnell choked the Lordes ficlde: oppressours of Princes, emptiers of Purgatorie, and fillers of helle, raisers of debate, shedders of bloodde, makers of Martyres, menne of warre, destroiers of the true churche, erectours of Idolles, slurpers of kyngdomes, and treaders of Gods truthe vnder their vile secte: whiche secte kynges haue kissed sothe is the pride of the Pope.

The Popes meknesse.

Then the Pope sitteth all naked wooryng;

kyng: now through Gods woorde, Antichrist is reueled, and seen what he is, foule lothlie clothed in shamefull decrees, wicked lawes and filthie life, and is despised of many nacions, saue of his owne children. Now patcheth his olde Bottelles, whiche will kepe no new wine: neither cā he well piece Christes pure clothe, and his ragged tradicions together. Neither will his Net pleasure the Churche, in whiche Nette he haue taken the seruauntes of Christ, shed their bloodde. He maie bee rather called a murderer, then a fisher, he neuer had sainct Peters Nette, since the Pope came to the churche of Rome: now clouteth he a nette, with his rotten Decrees, Counsailes, glosing it with Gods woorde. Like the Angell of darkenesse, transformed into the similitude of an angell of light: but his nakednesse is seen, for all his title of his holines, and riche Croune. Now as many as will not obeie his maistership, he geueth awaie their kingdomes, dukedomes, prouinces & gooddes, after the example of his patrone, not Peter, which forsoke worldly thinges, but rather sathā, whiche would haue giuē Christ moche riches, to haue honored him.

The Popes practise.

The Popes almose deedes.

Popes Portars. But the landes of Princes, are to beauie to be carried with his Portars: and also to hotte to be troden vpon, of any of his messengers, his Nette is verie good, to catche the greate Oncle withall, and some of his lawlesse countree men, to store the Popes holie pondes at Rome.

Vxor.

I will aske but one or .ij. questions, & now our diner is redy, I praie you. What meaneth yonder Shepherd to clippe the Shepe so nere, that he bleedeth: it is well painted.

Ciuis.

Courteous Landlordes. It semeth a couetcous lande lorde, that doe so oppresse the tenaunt with fine, rent, byrde. &c. whereby he and his familie, doo liue in greate miserie like slaues, with cõtinuall penurie, and affliction of mynde, and he will neuer suffer the woll to grow, to the full staple, at lẽgth to his own decay

Vxor.

A foole. What meaneth yonder foole that stand vpon the tree, and cutteth the arme a sonder, whereupon he standeth, with a sharpe axe, and is fallyng doune?

Ciuis.

Under that predicament is cõprehended all

all traitours againſt Princes: children a-
gainſt parentes, ſeruauntes againſt Maiſ-
ters, poore againſt riche, tenauntes againſt
lordes. &c. All hereupon thei dooe ſine, and
haue their ſtaie in this world, and will ſeke
their hurtes, whiche in deede is their owne
decaie, loſſe and deſtruccion in the ende.

Rebelles and knaues.

Vxor.

Good God, what meaneth that bloodie
naked picture, with a ſharpe rodde in eche
hande, woundyng his bodie, and ſpoiled of
all his apparell.

Ciuis.

God ſende peace in the chriſten realmes
good dame. That dooe ſignifie by the cir-
cumſtaunce of ſome old wiſe painter, that
when the bodie or ſtate of any Realme, or
Realmes of vicinite or nereneſſe together,
being as handes to one bodie, or helpers to
eche other. If thei bee at ſtrief, the whole
bodie, wherupon thei are deriued, ſhal eſ-
ſones through theſame bee ruinated and
brought into perill. In this matter I will
talke no furder as now: let vs go to diner
a Gods name. Roger, what good felowe is
here, to kepe me and your maiſtres cõpany

Peace and vnitie God ſende vs.

Vxor.

Housebande, in this fine border is curiously painted a house builded of stone, and with many strong dores and windowes, barred and railed with stronge yron barres. And before one of the doores standyng a man, with a yelowe cappe, in a plain poor coate with white sleues, and a little bote stãdeth behinde hym with a faire goune in his armes, marchaunt like, in a fine blacke cap, and ouer the doore is written. Veritas non querit angulos. I knowe not the meaning.

Ludgate.

Wake shifts

Ciuis.

In deede truthe seketh no corners, as these euill disposed vile thieues doe, although it was ment to helpe some honest decaied citezens, that thei should not bee vtterly destroied of pitiefull creditours, but after thei might rise vp again. Now the bãkerote is induraunce, hath lost his credence, he is in prison, where as his credẽce is spoiled and gone, no manne will truste him. But that time hath a priuilege to increase many gestes by this meanes. That thei maie haue libertie, with a little Appleſquire to be his keper, whiche chaungeth his apparell and countenaunce, crepyng into corners, makyng bergaines in euery place, takyng vp euery

Foreigners shifters.

Happy priuilege, and subtile practise.

euery commoditie, refusing nothing, al is fishe that cometh to the net, he setteth hãde and seale to euery thyng, he sweareth he would not loose his credence for thousandes, he geueth swete wordes, he knauishly robbeth, vndoeth, spoileth, the widowe and the honest pitefull marchaunte or true citezen, and when he hath vndoen theim, he runneth to his place again, as the Fore doeth to his hole, and liueth by the spoile.

Perillous thieuish bandscroutes.

Vxor.

What meaneth this straũge picture, here standeth a man double, or in. ij. twinnes, backe to backe, the one side is lustie, faire, riche and yong, and beautifull. The other side semeth sicke, foule, poore and old, in the yong mannes hand was a grashopper, and in the old mannes, an Ante without fete.

Yong and foolishe, olde and beggerlie.

Ciuis.

In that table is liuely declared mankind, both the time of his youth in felicitæ, with the careles grashopper, gathereth nothing but spoileth: house, lande. &c. in bankettes, dice, apparell and harlottes. &c. And when age commeth, he would bee thrustie, and then cã get no more, then the lame foteles ante. Then maketh he exclamatiõ, saiyng

oh

A wretche that refused good counsaill in tyme.

oh what gooddes did my father leaue me? What good counsaill my frēdes gaue me, but I estemed none of theim bothe, but in fine lost both riches and frendes. And now I am in greate pouertie, sickenes and age Lette other men take exaple by me, and remember the wisedome of Salomon, saiyng: Vade ad formicū ô pigar & considera vias eius, & discе sapientiam. &c. Goe thou idle bodie to the Ante, consider and marke well her waies, and learne wisedome, she hath no gide, prince, nor law geuer, but ga thereth in sōmer, to kepe her in winter. &c.

A lesson for a lubber.

Vxor.

There is also painted a lustie yong man, stoning doune to a vessell, in whiche swimmeth bothe Eles and Snakes, he seemeth to catche one of them: what meaneth that?

Ciuis.

Ha, ha, ha, it is merily handled forsothe it is one that is ouercome, either with loue or couetousnesse. He goeth a woyng, my dyng, dyng: and if he spedeth my darlyng, what getteth he my swetyng? Forsoth, either a serpente, that will ūyng hym all his life with cruell wordes, or els swete harte with pleasaunt speach, that when he thinketh

keth her mocke sure, he hath but a quicke Ele, you knowe where. Ha, ha, ha. well fished.

Roger.

Sir, there is one lately come into this hall, in a grene Kendale cote, with yellow hose a beard of the same colour, onely vpon the vpper lippe: a russette hatte, with a greate plume of straunge Feathers, and a braue scarfe aboute his necke, in cut buskins. He is playyng at the trea trippe with our host sonne: he playeth tricke vpon the gittarne, and daunce Trechmoze, and Hete de Ele, and telleth newes frō Tera Florida. He looketh a squinte, I did see him geue the good man, a pece of a Unicornes horne, good against poison: he semeth a prete scholer. But I heard him praie the chamberlain in his eare, to lende him. vj. d. vpon a pelling pyon, whiche chāberlain refused the gage. Myendar is described.

Ciuis.

Roger, call him into diner, it is some pleasaunte felowe, and lacketh money belike, through trauaile, the poore man is driuen to his shiftes, and would make other men merie, when he wepeth in his harte. well taken.

Vxor.

Good housbande, cal in some graue com- panie. A good wife.

paignie. What should soche Jackes and tossepottes doe here? He semeth to be some thief or ruffin. Fie on him varlet, fie, fie.

Roger.

By our ladie I will fetche hym into diner: he is a good companion for me. We shall heare newes.

Newes.

Cuis.

Go thy waies quickilie.

Roger.

A gentle gretyng.

Sir, my maister and my maistres, praie your maisterships, to take the paines to come to their chamber: where as you shalbe hartely welcome, to their diner.

Mendax.

Sir, I will waite vpon the: but first I will vpon this whetstone, sharpe my knife.

Roger.

Sir, here is this gentleman come: to kepe you compainie.

Cuis.

He is moste hartely welcome, set hym a chaire, geue him a trencher and a napkin: I praie you take part of soche as God haue sent, if it were at London, I might make you better chere, but here I can not.

Mendax.

Here

Here is good chere. I was there within these .x. Wækes, that I would haue geuen xx. shillinges for soche a lose as this: whereas no soche chere was to be had. Mendax dos beginne.

Cuius.

Where was that, I praie you gentle Maister: I can not tell what to call you, nor of what countree you are?

Mendax.

Sir, I was borne nere vnto Tunbrige, where fine knives are made, my name is Mendax, a yonger brother, lineally descended of an auncient house, before the Conquest. We geue three Whetstones in Gules, with no difference, and vpon our creste a lefte hande, with a borne vpon the thōbe and a knife in the hande. The supporters are a Fore on the one side, and a Frier on the other side. And of late I trauailed into Terra Florida, wheras I felt bothe wealth and woe: the blacke Ore neuer trode vpon my foote before, a Dogge haue but a date. Wee are borne all to trauaile, and as for me I haue but little to lose: yet I am a gētleman, and can not finde in my harte, to plaie the slaue, or goe to Carte. I neuer could abide it by the Masse. Mendax his armes. A Ruffian.

Cuius.

Ciuis.

Ironia. You speake like a wiseman, I perceiue by your behauor, you haue bẽn wel brought vp. I praie you where is that lande?

Mendax.

Terra Floridadescribed by Maister Mendax. Many .c. miles beyonde Torryda Zona, or the Equinoctial line: In the longitude nere vnto the Pole Antartike. It is .vij. M. miles longe, and is in the parte named America, and by the waie are the Ilandes called Fortunata, or Canaria, whose West partes be situated in the third climate.

Ciuis.

It was a daungerous trauaile into that countrie: where landed you, at what place?

Mendax.

Wee sailed to the Ilandes of Portum Sanctũ, and then to Medera, in whiche wer sondrie countrees and Ilandes, as Eracte-lentiæ, Magnesortis, Grancamariæ, Tene-reffe, Palmæ Ferro. &c. And our Capitain wẽt with his soldiours to land, and at our first commyng nere vnto a riuer, in one of these Ilandes: as wee refreshed our selues emong the Date trees, in the lande of Pal-mes, by the sweete Welles, wee did to the great feare of vs all, se a great battaile be-

tweene

twene the Dragon and the Unicorne, and as GOD would, the Unicorne thrust the Dragon to the harte: and againe the Dragon with his taile, stonge the Unicorne to death. Here is a piece of his horne, the blod of dragõs is riche: that battail was worth two. C. markes to our capitain. Then we traueilled furder into Tenriffa, into an exredyng high mountaine, aboue the middle region: whereas we had greate plentie of Alom. And might well heare an heauenly Hermonie emong the starres, the Soone was nere hand vs with marueilous heat. And when we came doune at the hill fote, growe many grose herbes, as Lonege, Laserpitium, Acanthus, and Solanum, & whether it was by the eatyng of Solanum beries or no, there was a derie mightie man naked and hearie, in a greate slepe, whom we gētly suffred to lye still. He had a great eearde, in whiche a birde did breede, and brought her yong ones meate. Our capitain declared vnto vs, that the spialles had beiwed the lād, and how that our enemies were at hande. The nerte daie moste fearfull people, painted with sondrie colours, approched in straūge beastes skinnes, with

A battail beerie profitable.

He was nere the starres.

No lye, no lie

B.j. Flint,

Flinte, ſo were their ſhaftes and Dartes, with whom we fought and flue, and tooke ſome: & yet the people ſo aſſaulted vs, that with moche difficultee, wee recouered our barkes. And then we ſailed forthe, & chaūces to let fall our ſoundyng leade newe tallowed, wherebyon did flicke golde, with all ſpede wee ſente doune our Deuers, and ſo within three daies we gathred thirtie hogſheddes of fine golde: beſides twoo buttes of orient Pearles, all the ſhore was full of Currall. Frō thens wee ſailed to the great Ile, called Madagaſtat in Scorea, where wer kynges, Mahumitaines by religion, blacke as Deuilles: Some had no heddes, but yen in their breaſtes. Some when it rained, couered all the whole bodie with one foote. The lande did abounde in Elephantes teethe: the men did eate Camiles and lions flesh. Muſke and Zeuet in euery place did abounde: and the mother of perle the people made their platters, to putte in their meate, thei dwelle emong ſpice, the groūd is moiſt with oile of pꝛecious trees. Plentie of wine out of grapes as bigge as this loffe: moche Peper, thei can not telle what to do with ſuger: but that their marchaun-

Medar bringeth good tidynges of treaſure and richeſſe, and where it is.

chauntes of Paabar, twentie dales iourney of, doe come and take of their goodes francklie for nothing, but some of them do bring iron, to make edge toles, for which thei haue for one pounde, twelue pounde of fine golde. Their pottes, pannes, and al vessell is clene gold, garnished with Diamondes. I did see swine feede in them.

Cius.

Did you see no straunge Foules there, and Fishes?

Mendax.

In the Ile called Ruc, in the greate Canes lande, I did see Mermaides and Satyres, with other fishes by night, come fower miles from the sea, and climed into trees, and did eate Dates and Nutmegges, with whom the Apes & the Babians had moche fightyng, yellyng and cryeng. The people of that lande doe liue, by eatyng the fleshe of women. In this lande I did see an Ape plaie at ticke tacke, and after at Irishe on the tables, with one of that lande: and also a Parate, geue one of their gentle women a checke mate at Chesse.

The beste meate and the worste meate.

Cius.

God kepe me from those cruell people.

Mendax.

Birdes of straunge kindes.

But sir, as for birdes thei are not onelie infinite in nõbers, but also in kindes: some voices moste sweete, and some moste fearfull. Nightingales as bigge as Gæse, oules greater then some horse: and there are birdes that doe lye in a rocke, where Dragons are, whose Fethers in their winges are thirtie foote long, the quill as bigge as a Canon roiall. Also I heard Parates desputе in Philosophie. Frenche in Greke.

Ciuis.

I praie you, is there any plentie of precious stones?

Mendax.

Verie many, but harde to come by, but in the Iland Zanzibar, is moche plentie of Ambergrise, that thei make claie for their houses withall, there if wee had holden together like frendes, we might haue gotten a great kingdome. Oh my hart, it maketh it blede, when I do remẽber it: euery man is but for hymselfe, you maie consider what diuisiõ is. Emeroddes, Rubbies, Turkes, Diamondes and Saphires, wer sold when we came thether first, for the weight of irõ A. P. riche Turkeses wer solde for. iiij. d.

Ambergrise as plentifull as claie.

Precious stones moste plentifullie.

to

to bee shorte, one with an other after three shillynges and sower pence a pecke. Dure mennegathered vp Carbuncles and Diamondes with rakes, vnder the spice trees.

Diamondes gathred with Rakes.

Ciuis.

How chaunce you brought none home into this realme?

Mendax.

Oh sir, we filled. ij. ships with fine gold, iij. ships with Ambergrise, Muske and Unicornes hornes: and. ij. talle barkes with precious stones, and sailed by the Adamãt stones, whiche will drawe yron vnto them and so caste awaie the greateste riches in Heathenes or christendom. After that cruel chaunce, wee came vpon the main lande of Cuba, in the great and mightie land of America, where as the people called the Canables, doe dwell in caues, rockes and woodes, there as women will eate their owne children, and one man an other, and thei ar Giauntes moste high and fearfull: all goe naked, thei neither knowe god humanitee humaine policie, religion, lawe, nor chastitie. One is equall with an other, the strongeste of bodie are chief, for there all is ruled by force, and not through reason: after the

A great losse, it haue vndoen all Englande.

Cruel women

A good common wealth.

K. iij. maner

maner of swine. Childrē loue their fathers no more then pigges doe the boares, for their late, lust causeth generation. And when their parentes are very old, thei bryng thē to an exceding high mountain, whereas is a great tower builded vpon a rocke, vnder which tower is the golden mine, in which mine there be .vj. great monstruous dragōs keping the same, whiche will neuer suffre the childrē to come to receiue the benefites of that place, vntill soche time as thei haue slain their parentes, and cast their flesh into the caue, and washe the Dragons Images, which are within that tower, made of precious wood, with the blood of their said parentes. From thence we trauciled into an Iſlande, where as it neuer raineth but ones a yere, ꝛ that is in the moneth of July, whereas Nylus runneth, by greuing benefite vnto the plain coūtrie, wher as spice of all kindes doeth growe. In that Iſland doeth growe Hoppes moste plentifullie, whiche thei doe call Lupilū. A little before our commyng, was a great winde, whiche had shaken doune moche fruite and precious spice, and many hundred carte lodes of good Hoppes; after whiche fell doune plē-

The price of golde.

A miracle of double Bere.

tie

tie of rain, raising a mightie flood, incontinent succeded a burning heate, for it is vnder the Equinoctial line, or Torrida Zona. In fine, through this concoction of the sun mouing this boiling of the water, through the helpe of moche Spice, I neuer dranke soche Hippocras, Wine, nor Beere. The Flemynges haue founde out the commoditie, and caren to transport no more Hoppes hether vnto vs. And if good lucke had been our good lord, we had made our selues and all the christian kingdomes for euer.

where it remaineth double Beere.

I feaste for Flemynges.

Ciuis.

Alas, alas, what was that I praie you tell me, I am sorie that you & your frendes haue traueled thus long, and haue bæn in daungier for nothing. But I perceiue you haue been a great traueler, and haue seen many Countrees, Woodes and Riuers.

Mendax.

Non finis erit si prosequar omnia verbis, Loquax.
Flumina & specos, cãpos siluasq; lucusq;:
Colles apricosq; siunosq; vndeq; portus.

Omnia sunt vidi. Now lette them goe, I haue sœn those thinges and manymo. Sir in the landes beyond Cuba, or as the Cosmographars call Lamiam or Ianicã, where

as the people doe curse the Sunne at noone because it burneth them. There are many Ilandes emong them. There is a fletyng Iland, swimming aboue the sea, by what meanes I knowe not, whether occasioned by cocke, Wolle. &c. it would by the wind shift frō place to place. Some saied it was a shreed of the bankes of Paradise, broken through the corse of ganges, and so in continuaūce brought doune: it was not brode. In that Ile wer but fewe people, and the men of that place doe by proper arte, with a sharpe Flinte stone worme the women, and pretelie cutte their tongues, and take foorthe a small Serpente a liue, and heale their tongues againe with herbe Grace. This Iland hath many riche stones, gold and spice in it, with precious trees, as Agallicum and Guiacum. In that Ile, there had been some Frenche men, whose skinnes were cleane caste of, in the maner of Snakes, Marie thei were full of hooles. This Guiacum did mocke pleasure to thē belike. But as wee were deuisyng how to steale this lande awaie, and bryng it forth to the maine Sea with our Pilottes, twoo thinges letted our purpose. The one was, the

A newe Ilelande that swimmeth, comyng from Paradise.

women haue wormes in their tonges.

Guiacum.

A great losse.

the hauen mouth was to straight. The seconde, the people wer to vigillant, and letted our purpose. But I truste, I and my compaignīs will make one lustie voiage and geue an onsette for all: wee will either winne the saddle, or lose the horse. We are none but good fellowes, of my part I will doe what lieth in me, to make many prentises free, and cause other good yong gentlemen in selling their lande, to get thousandes. If men knewe as moche as I dooe in this matter, thei had rather venter the beste iointe, then bee from thence, it is almoste heauen, and if wee doe wante by the waie, let euery man keepe close, and there wee maie chaunce to finde some little fleting Iflandes by the waie, wherein good Sugar, spice, Silke, Linnen. &c. do growe, ready made, and that wil make ready money: and money maketh a manne. Oh that young menne would beleue me, and followe me, I would make them Lordes.

An honeste fellowe.

Pirates, heires of wapping for their snapping.

Vxor.

Good housebande hearken in your eare, I would speake with you swete harte.

Ciuis.

Speake on youre mynde good Susan:

what is the matter woman?

Vxor.

Sir, this is a blinde eyed shameles ruffe, a roge, I warrante hym, and a theke. This knaue is hable to make childzen run from their parentes, seruaũtes robbe their maisters, yong heires to sell their landes, men to run from their wiues, and women also.

She describeth a ruffian

You maie knowe by his Armes of what stocke he cometh, I warrant him frõ drouning, and dying of the Pestilence. Oh vilaine, he wilbe hanged. I dare saie he knoweth al kindes of theues, vagabondes, roners & hasarders. I like not his wozds, noz his braggyng countenaunce, let vs hence.

Ciuis.

Well, moche good doe you, you haue taken moche paine, but smalle profite, you haue trauailed farre, and maie speake by authozitee. Come take awaie, paie the reconyng: Roger, hozse, hozse, and awaie.

Roger.

All thynges are readie sir.

Ciuis.

well ridde of euill gozc.

Fare ye well gentle frende.

Mendax.

I thanke you of your gentle companie, good

good gentleman.

Vxor.

Whose faire field is yōder, I would fain knowe it, and lette trifles passe, I will not beleue them: let foolishe thynges goe, and talke of matters profitable. Faire fieldes

Roger.

Maistres, doe you not knowe it? it is my maisters, I am his baily ther: he had a good bargaine, I assure you, it was in mortgage to him this .vj. yeres, I would he might find the like purches: al yonder toune is his, he hath raised the rent one .C. markes a yere more then it was. There were good lyng in the plague tyme: for there are large pastures, and the houses are doune, sauyng the maner place, for the carles haue forfeited their leses, and are gon a begging like villaines, & many of thē are ded for honger. Honest husbandes lordes, God amende them

Vxor.

Whose Oren are these, Roger.

Roger.

My maisters also, for he ỹ hath mony shall haue lande & worship: my maister is a close wiseman, and lieth in the winde of thē that will buie money for lande: he can handle a yong gētleman trimly, and ride hym with I nette for fooles.

a

A horse maister.

a golden snaffle, he knoweth vpon which side his breade is buttered well enough, I warraunt you, my maister rised so earelie this morning, that he noddeth as he rideth

Vxor.

Sir, me thinkes you totter as you ride, what are you a slepe? Dooe you not heare your mannes prayyng? He is pleasauntlie disposed, he would make me beleue, that you were a greate landed manne, and had moche cattell in store: why sir, how do you that you speake not to me?

Ciuis.

Feaer and breade.

Wife, wife, God sende vs good lucke, doe you not see yonder cloude in the West towardes the North, commyng hether?

Vxor.

Wolle fearfull God sende vs good lucke sir, it is a sodaine chaunge, I will hide my face, it feareth me so moche.

Roger.

I am fourtie yeres olde, but I did neuer se the like, but ones, and that was betwen Godmichester and Gogmanshill, a little from Cambrige, as I trauelled to Wolpit faire, to buye Coltes, and there appered a straunge forme, as me thought, a greate nomber

Roger did se visions.

nomber of steples were broken: and many naked Friers, Bishops, and the Pope him selfe did wryng their handes, in ragged clothes, thei looked all very leane: and then it thundred and lightened, in whiche storme many Gæse wer killed, and also shepe and Lambes. The yere after was the tumbleyng doune of Abbaies, and the reformatiõ for the Churche matters: but this passeth, for the precious passion of Christ, let vs rũ awaie with spede. I doe se a fearfull thyng in ỹ cloudes appering, a blacke lene naked body, very long, ridyng vpõ a pale miserable foule iade, he hath also. iij. dartes in his lefte hande, the one is cole blacke, the other blood red, and the third is a darke pale, he hath no flesche vpõ him: me thinketh that I doe se a great fire, and many fearfull monsters in thesame folow him, with a fearfull voice, saiyng: all the wicked shall come to vs. We ar swallowed in the second death.

A pitifull case

Death appereth with. iii. Dartes.

Ciuis.

Let vs take this house, ride apace; the storme doeth begin most fearful, God help vs, what shall we doe, or whether shall we flie? Jesus, Jesus, what a thũder is this, as heauen & yearth should go together; Lorde

A greate thunder.

holy

how the lightnyng falleth frō heauen, all this regiō is vpō a flamyng fire, the birdes fall from the trees, loke how the cattel trēble, and trees are pulled vp by the rootes, & the houses are burnt with celestiall fire.

Vxor.

Let vs depart from these trees, for I haue heard saie, to sitte vnder a white thorne, is moste safe and surest in a tempeste: I haue many goodly iuels againste lightnyng, as the Carbuncle, Hemoralde, Hiasinthus, with Amber and golde: God and S. Barbara defende vs: I haue a S. Jhōs Gospel about my necke, and a paire of brasselettes of Coral about myne armes, Oh God defende vs; I am sorie that we came hoorthe.

witchcrafte.

Roger.

Maister and Maistres, come into this valie, and lette vs sitte in that same deepe close pitte, vnder the hill side, vntill this storme be past: saincte George to borrowe, mercifull God, who did euer se the like.

Ciuis.

I thinke it be the daie of iudgement, the yearth doeth quake, the heauē doeth burn, and me thinke I doe see the fearfull horseman lighted in the valey, with a meruail-

Sodain feare

lous

lous fearful saiyng: En [illegible] vobis, mors vltima linia rearum. &c. Oh father that we hide vs from hym: he casteth forth his. iij. dartes, and taketh the vp again. He is in a great rage: behold, how he destroieth man and beaste in this valey. This is come in a momente, who would haue thought it in the morning: none of vs, he dyaweth nere, I knowe him well, it is mercilesse Death most fearfull: I am afraied of his presence he bendeth his blacke darte against me, I haue no target to beare it of. Death destroieth all creatures, none can resiste hym.

Vxor.

Good housebande, remember that I am yong, and with child, also you are wel striken in yeres: therefore plate the man, and take Roger with you, and intreate hym, if he will needes haue you, yet for Gods sake bee not acknowen that I am here, for feare that he kill me, and your childe also. The condicio of a woman.

Ciuis.

Keepe you close vnder that Cloke, and stirre not I praie you.

Roger.

I can not abide hym, I will run awaie: for pouertie and death, will part good fellowship. Sir, shift for your self, and dyawe your Gette Roger

your swoorde against hym.

Ciuis.

A frende at neede.

Alas, my wife in my trouble is to faint harted, and wil not kepe me companie, my seruaunt is run awaie from me, whether maie I flie from death? If I doe run, he is to swift for me, if I turne my backe, he wil cowardly kille me: if I doe submit my self to hym, he is merciless: I perhaps shall perswade hym with my golde, I haue an hundred poundes in Angels, I will geue it hym to saue my life: Oh he is here. Sir, moste humbly here vpõ my knees, I desire your lordship to pardon me, and suffre me to liue still in this woorlde, and here I offer vnto you this purse of gold, I shall alwayes doe you seruice, and loue you with all my harte, and bee at your Lordships commaundemente, and to my power seeke to please you, as my good lorde and Maister.

Death will not bee entreated.

Mors.

You are well ouertaken, I am glad that we are met together: I haue seen you sins that you were borne, I haue thretened you in all your sicknesses, but you did neuer see me, nor remẽbred me before this daie, neither had I power, to haue taken you with

Death commeth not before his time.

me

me vntill now: For I haue commission to strike you with this blacke dart, called the pestilence, my maister hath so cõmaunded me: & as for golde, I take no thought for it, I loue it not, no treasure can kepe me back the twinklyng of an eye from you, you are my subiect, and I am your lorde: I will cut of your iourney, & separate your mariage, but not cut of your yeres, for thei ar determined when I should come: this is your appointed time, and when the time shalbe appointed me, I will smite your wife, childre and seruauntes, thei shall not bee hidden from me, I will finde theim forthe, be thei hidde neuer so secrete, or flee neuer so swift or far of, for I am so swifte, that in the momente of an eye, I can compasse the whole worlde, and am of so wonderfull a nature, that I can be in sondrie places at ones, and in sondrie shapes, in flames of fire, I oftentimes doe cõsume mankinde, in the water I do kil the, I am maruelous in worke: I spare nothing that hath life, but I bring to an ende, and to myne owne nature, whiche is death.

Pestilence.

Our daies are set.

What death is.

Ciuis.

Sir, I moste hũbly desire you to suffer me

to retourne home again into the citee, and let my goodes in order, to thuse of my wife and children, to pate my debtes, & then godly to depart this worlde, I desire no more.

Mors.

I muste dispatche, and strike you with this blacke darte: I haue moche businesse to doe with the other twoo dartes.

Ciuis.

Oh fearfull Death: what is these twoo other dartes in thine hande?

Mors.

I will smite thee with this pestilent dart, as I haue doen to many kingdomes, citees and people, bothe man and beast, yong and old. With this pale dart, I will destroie infinite nombers with honger: thei shall perishe for lacke of foode, in destruction of corne, cattell, wine, oile, fruit, herbe, grasse foule and fish. I will make them eate their owne flesshe, and make their own children to be soddē and rosted for them. With this thirde dart, I will in battaill slaie in nomber, more then the Starres of heauen, and bathe my self in blood. I spare not one, neither Prince nor Peasant, against whom I doe cast this dart. I haue no respecte of any

Honger.

Greate vengeaunce.

persone,

perſone, be thei neuer ſo noble, riche, ſtrōg wiſe, learned, or cunning in Phiſicke, thei ſhall neuer preuaill againſt me: but I will ouercome theim. I come into the Kynges chamber at the time appointed, in forme of Phiſike, and caſt my darte, that none ſhall ſe but ſele. I often come into the counting houſe, and ſodainly kille the money teller. I ouerthrowe the Maunſer, and ſtoppe the breath of the ſinger, and trippe the runner in his race. I breake wedlockes, and make many widdowes. I doe ſit in iudgemente with the Iudge, I vndoe the life of the priſoner: and at lēgth kill the Iudge alſo him ſelf. I doe ſomone the greate Biſhops, and cut thē through their rotchettes. I vtterlie blemiſhe the beautie of al Courtiers. And ende the miſerie of the poore. I will neuer leaue vntill all fleſhe be vtterly deſtoied, I am the greateſt croſſe and ſcourge of God. The greateſt croſſe of all.

Ciuis.

What is the cauſe, O fearfull Death, that thou doeſt ſcourge the face of ỹ yearth with thy Dartes: and who hath ſente thee for that purpoſe?

Mors.

Neither is the ſatyng of the Philoſophers, Note this.

or Poetes true, whiche compt that I come by chaũce, to mortall thinges, or inquiring the cause of the matter, or Depriuatione in materia, or of generacion and corrupcion. And some other do affirme, that I do come through the cõcorse of the starres infecting the aire, & poisonyng liuing thinges. And therefore the Heathen in fearfull Tragidies and stories, haue admonished the vain worlde to repent, by setting forth of me Death. Some of theim daily had the dedde heddes of their parentes broughte to their tables, to mortifie their vanitees withall. And al these men whom I haue slain, wer Heathen men. But I am the messenger of God, his scourge and crosse to all flesh good and bad: and am the ende of life, whiche do separate the bodie from the soule. I am no feigned thyng by the wise braines of the Philosophers: but onely through the disobedience of your first parentes Adam and Eua, through whose fault all flesh is corrupted & subiecte to me Death: for through sinne came death. Truly my maisters anger was so great in your parentes, that he suffered me to plague with my hande the beste in his churche, as Abell, Esaie, Jeremie,

Adam caused death.

mie, Zacharie, Jhon Baptiſte, and Jeſus Chriſt his onely ſonne, whiche ſuffred me, and ſeing that my maiſter hath commaunded me not to ſpare his onelie childe, with his Apoſtles & holy Martires. Wooeſt thou think that I ſhould beare with thee, or ſuffer any in this wicked worlde? He ſent me to Sodome with his Angels to burne thē. To droun bloodie Pharao. And to ſlea the kinges of the heathen. Also I was at their endes, although al fleſhe doth abhorre me. Yet Judas and all deſperate men, did call vpon me. Thus doe I ende bothe good and bad, but precious in the ſight of the lorde is the death of his ſainctes: and many bee the ſcourges of wicked men. I am in gods hādes, as the ſworde is in the man of warres as it is written. The lorde doeth kil & quicken again. And it is he that did create euil, that is pain or death, light and darkeneſſe. And whereas he hath not ſet his ſtrōg angell to bridle me, I am mercileſſe, and will kill all where as the token is not ſet by, or his marke vpon them whom he doeth forbid me to touch. And that is not vpon thee nor vpon many thouſandes that liue moſt wretchedly. Thy dates ar but a ſpan long,

Death is horrible.

Death worketh.

Ezech. ix.

thou art like a flower in the field, thy dates
Iob. xiiii. are passed like a shadowe. Thou hast run
thy race, and thy dates are consumed like
smoke, and thou shalt scante liue to drawe
thy breath. I must destroie this thy yerthie
mansion, I am so commaunded: haue here
is thy reward, suffer it pacientlie, I muste
goe presentlie to visite a greate nomber so-
dainlie, that doe not remember me. I will
Hell cometh after death. cutte them doune with my sithe like grasse
and kill them with my three fearfull dar-
tes. The paines of helle doe followe me, to
swallowe vp all flesshe, that dooeth not re-
pent them of their wickednesse.

Ciuis.

Psal. cxxxviii Oh wretched man that I am, whether
shall I flie for succoure: Now my bodie is
No policie a gainst death. paste cure, no Phisike can preuaile, the so-
rowes of death dooth compasse me rounde
about, the policie of the worlde with feare
had me flie and vse Gods meanes, as Lot
did, whē Sodome was a fire. But now doe
I se, who so escapeth honger and the sword
shalbe ouertaken with the pestilence. I am
at the pittes brinke, now begin I to ware
weake in bodie. I am verie drie, my paine
dooeth increase, he is gone that did strike
me,

me, but I doe fele his wound that he gaue me. Alas, woe is my vile stinkyng carkas, and filthie flesshe, conceiued and borne in sinne, depriued of originall iustice: compared to a beaste in Adam, fallen as a rotten Aple from a liuing tree. What haue I gotten, my Lorde God by my fall, nothing els but onely darkenesse, care, miserie, affliction, sickenesse, paine, agues: and now in myne harte, Death moste painfull it self. Remember this good reader,

Now for all my pompe, healthe, wealthe, riches and vaine pleasures of this worlde: this my bodie, whiche I haue bothe costlie clothed, well fedde, and garnished with all delites, for whose sake I haue been couetous, and sinned against Jesus Christe, to maintaine the same bodie. From hēceforth therefore now shall I bee tourned into a stinkyng carrion, for wormes delite, dust, claie, rotten, moste vile, forsaken of al mē, poore, without substaunce: naked without clothing: sowen in dishonour, forgotten of my posteritee. Not knowen from hencefoorthe, vanishe like a shadowe, wither like a leafe, and fade as a flower. Oh vncertain life, but moste assured death: fie on this filthie shadowe of this worlde, and flattryng Man moste vile carien.

1. Cor. 15.

L.iiij. of

of thesame, with all the instrumentes of the flesshe. Oh Lorde, although I be in this extreame trouble, yet haue mercie vppon me, according to thy greate mercie and louing kindnes. For I doe make my praier in the tyme of trouble: trusting that thou wilt heare me.

Psalme. li. and. Cxix.

Roger.

Maistres, the fearfull thing that talked with my Maister, is gone. Let vs go heare what newes with him?

Vxor.

I am glad it is past, thankes be to God, I will go with spede, to se my housebande, for he hath been in greate daunger.

Roger.

Sir, I am glad that he is gone, the deuill go with him: hath he taken all your golde?

Ciuis.

No, I haue my golde in store, for in the worlde I founde it, and in the worlde I muste leaue it, it is but vaine, and can not helpe in the time of this my trouble: God hath preuented me, and somoned me to appere before his seat. This death hath smitten me, I must dye.

me can carrie nothyng awaie,

Vxor.

Alas

Alas my good swete housebande, what ayleth you? Or what would you haue me doe for you, to helpe you in this case?

Ciuis.

Helpe me into some house, where as I might sende for some manne of God, to be my heauenlie Phisicion, teachyng me the waie to the kyngdome of Christe. The best waie.

Roger.

Here is a house at hande, and here is your horse also: we will helpe you vp, and carrie you to this place.

Vxor.

Now sir, you be come here into this place, for gods sake discõfort not your self: I trust you shall doe well, you shall want nothing that maie be had for mony, gold and siluer, I will sende for your own brethren and sisters. You shall haue withal spede the best learned Phisicians in this Realme, in the meane tyme drinke Dragon water, & Methridatũ mingled togither, to put this passiõ from your hart. Ride Roger and seke a Phisician with al spede, spare not the horse Past remedy

Ciuis.

Soft sirra, and speake with me, and doe what that I doe commaunde you, in the

name of Jesus Christ.

Roger.

Sir, looke what your maistership shall commaunde me to doe: that will I doe with all spede, and tary not.

Ciuis.

Go thy waies, and praie maister Theologus to come to me, that I maie haue his counsaille, praie him to come with speede, deliuer him this token.

Roger.

I shall, in the meane tyme good maister be of good cheare, for Gods sake.

Vxor.

Alas what shall I doe, & my poore children.

Ciuis.

A wiseman. I haue set my worldly thinges in order, for so hath Gods worde taught me to do, I thanke God, and my debtes shalbe truelie paied: and whatsoeuer any poor man doeth owe me I, do forgeue them: and restitucion shall I make with all spede, to as many as I haue wronged. And I shall leaue plentie to you and my children, requiryng you to

Tob. xii. liue according to Gods commaundement obeiyng him all ỳ daies of your liues, and remember death, and to doe to all men, as

you

ron would be doen vnto. To liue chast, either in Mariage, or a life sole: vse prayer, & chast your bodies with abstinence. Bee pitifully minded, & hate vice: beware of wicked companie, loue well the temple of god visite the prisoners and helpeleſſe, this is good Religion in the yes of God. As nere as you can kepe the commaũdementes of the almighty God, and beware of idlenes and pride of harte, lamente no more good wife. For who can kepe that must nedes a wale: me thinke I heare Theologus coms. Admonition to his wife and children.

Theologus.

Sir, God the heauenly Phisicion bleſſe you, and geue you the perfite consolacion of conscience in Christ his sonne, and geue you grace mekelie to beare this his crosse. Good things

Ciuis.

You are hartely welcome deare Theologus, I haue thought it long, since I did sende for you.

Theologus.

Your man declared to me by the waie, a pitifull storie, which happened to you this daie. Further, I had soner been with you, but one maister Antonius sent for me, but or I came he was dedde; and Auarus and To late.

Ambodexter

Ambodexter is in his house, preparyng a solemne funerall for hym.

Ciuis.

Oh sir, then I haue no cause to reherase the matter new again, but seing my flesh is nere the pit, and in a maner my breathe faileth me, beyng wounded with death, and that I am of twoo partes, bodie and soule, the one passe all cure, the other in hope of saluacion, I desire, if it please God, that I maie liue to thende of your oracions. Declare vnto me, what is the cause of sinne?

Theologus.

Sathans woorke. The Deuill was the first cause of sinne, as it is written in Genesis, how with a lie he deceiued the woman, and thei that committe sinne, are of the Deuill, for he hath sinned from the beginnyng of the worlde, and is the firste authour of sinne.

Mannes wretchednes The seconde cause was manne, declinyng from God, and creditying the Deuill, by whiche man, sinne entred into the worlde, and all the calamities and crosses therein, as sorowe, dread, feare, pouertie, sickenesse and death it self, all to punishe sinne.

Ciuis.

Oh lord, how I haue erred, I had thought God

God had been the cause. As when I rede these woordes. Indurabo cor Pharaonis, I will indurate ꝑ hart of Pharao, with soche like places: & his induracion was the cause of his sinne, and who did indurate him but God? And when it is said, ne nos inducas ī tentationem, neither lede vs into temptacion. &c. Here I gathered, it was God that led vs into temptacion, for which cause, we desire him not to lede vs into tẽptacion. &c.

Theologus.

Ye haue mistaken those places, for God is not the auchour or cause of sinne, for he did so moch abhorre the same, that nothing could pacifie his wrathe vnder heauen, no merite or woorke, but onelie the blood of Iesus Christ his sonne. And for this word I will indurate, the verie worde in Ebrue is: I will suffer Pharaos harte to bee hardened. And so it was in the Lordes prayer, it is Ne sinas nos induci, neither suffer vs to be led or fall into temptacion. &c. Therfore my brother, it was the will of Sathan and man, that caused sinne. Christes death.

Ciuis.

Why, hath not manne will to doe good again, if he lust? Mannes wil

Theolo-

Theologus.

No, if he had the election to will, as first he had, he would doe the like: therfore it is in a sure hande, euen in Gods, and not in ours. As when men doe speake the truthe, it is not of their owne will or power, but the heauenlie spirite in them, & by almightie God, are al the steppes of men directed: though man fall into sondrie temptacions he shall not be cast of, for the lorde putteth vnder his hande, whiche is a greate comfort to vs in trouble, when we are vndernetth the crosse. Without him we can dooe nothing that is good. No man can take any good thing vpon him, except it bee geuē to him from heauen: and no man dere brother, can come to the sonne of God, vnlesse the father hath drawen him, & not his wil, whiche is moste wicked frō his youth vpwarde, as appereth in our vile nature, thought, woorde, & deede. And who so euer hath not the spirit of Christ, is not of Christ but those, which are led of the spirit of god are the soonnes of God: and this commeth not by mannes will and power. For, the worldlie minded man, dooeth not vnderstande or perceiue those thinges, that are of

Math. 16.

Psalme. xx.

Iohn. vi.

Roma. viii.

Gods

Gods ſpirit, without whiche he can not be ſaued, bee he neuer ſo learned, and can diſpute of the ſoule: makyng diſtinctions of knowlege and iudgemente, callyng it the minde, or intellection, or reaſon, or deſire, whiche is the will, vnder whom the affection is gouerned, whoſe ſpring is the hart. All theſe make not to the heauēly purpoſe but rather ſtāding vpon ſoche trifles, doth hinder the waie to ſaluacion in Chriſt: and robbe him of his paſſion, when we doe attribute fredome or frewille, to come of our ſelues, but that we are in Gods handes, as his inſtrumentes, through him to worke ſoche thinges, as beſt maie pleaſe him, and he withdrawe his holie handes, we can do no good: therfore ſubmit your ſelf to Chriſt and his wille, for oure willes are malignaunt, and dampnable in his yes. Forſake your praue will, and humbly ſubmit your ſelf to Jeſus Chriſt, ſaiyng: now before our death. Our Father whiche art in heauen, hallowed be thy name, thy kyngdome come. Thy will bee dooen in yearth as it is in heauen. &c. And thus I doe conclude of free will in vs, and faithfully looke for the reward, not of workes, but of mercie

what the ſoule is.

Of free will.

Prater.

cie onelie: onelie purchaced by the Sacrifice of Christe, thankyng hym that he hath made you mercifulle to youre brethren in this worlde, whiche was the fruictes of faithe, by whiche faith in his blood we are saued, and shall receiue our almose or rewarde, and not our duetie: for wee are vnprofitable, when we haue doen our beste.

Mercie and not workes.

Ciuis.

What rewarde is that, I praie you? Or what promises are graunted by Christe?

Theologus.

The reward is the remission of sinnes, and life euerlastyng, graũted by the father for Jesus Christes sake, freelie without our woorkes, for there is none other saluacion vnder heauen geuen to menne, but onelie Christ. In him we doe merite: as whē wee are mercifull, wee haue a promise of this presẽt life, and the life to come. And in this worlde also an. c. fold: and in the worlde to come euerlastyng life. And who that geueth one of these little ones, a cup of water for my names sake, shall not lose his rewarde. And he commaunded to geue, promising it shalbe gruē to them again. And further he saieth: breake the breade to the poor,

Reward in Jesus Christ

Matth. x.

poore, and it shalbe to thee like a gardein. He saith not, let thin executors or assignes geue the poore when thou arte dedde, but thou muste doue it thy self in this worlde: Luke.xb. Now while it is lighte, for the night is at hand, I meane death, when thou canst not worke. Remember Dines lost the tyme, & could not call it backe again, whiche waileth in hell, hath no reward, for he trusted not God, nor rewarded any man. Furder, recõcile thy self to thy brother, for els thou canst not please God, though thou wrought test all good woorkes, and gaue thy bodie to bee burned: for charitee is so precious in 1. Corin. xiii. Gods eyen, that who so wante it, can not reigne with Christ. Therefore forgeue frõ thy hart, and thou shalbe forgeuen. Make not thy will vpon goodes gotten by vsury, nor by any thing that falsly in bargening, thou hast taken from thy brother, for then Psalme.xiiii. thou shalte not dwell in Gods tabernacle. Neither shal thy children prospere vpõ the yearth, but God will hate them to the.iij. & iiij. generacion for thy sinne: examen well Psalme.lui. thy conscience, death hath wounded thee, whiche is common to al flesshe: in thus doyng, thou shalt passe from death to euerla-

lyng life by Christe, and neuer taste vpon the seconde death, emong the impious or castawaies: Confesse thy sinnes from thy harte, aske mercie, be thei neuer so red, and many in nomber, Jesus hath washed the in his blood, and sprinkled them with Hysop, and made the as white as snowe: now plate the man in Christ, feare not to depart this worlde. Christ is gone before with his holie Apostles, Prophetes, Martyres, Confessours and Virgines, penitente thieues and harlottes alse, there is the armie of angels before his throne, with ioye incessantlie honouryng hym. Hell gates are sparred, sathan beaten doune, thy sinnes rased, the good Angell at hande to conducte thee to that blessed lande of rest: here is nothing but labour, daies of care, sinne, wretchednesse, a thousande crosses, the snares of the deuill, and many vanitees, the flesshe mosse inconstaunte, the worlde a place of miserie and sinne, bid it farewell, taking thy leaue with the badge of a christen man, of Christ crucified: remember that promise made in thy Baptisme, arme thy self with the best plate of faithe, continewe to the ende, and thou shalt receiue a croun of life, thy crosse taken

Psalme. li.

Hyssop, vltimo.

A Christian mans badge.

taken awaie: cast thy hole care vpō Christ, and he shall deliuer thee at hand, and geue thee, the holie resurrection of bothe soule to dwell in one for euer with hym. 11. Cor. xv.

Ciuis.

Oh what comforte in conscience I haue receiued: first I render thankes to God the father, the sonne, and the holie ghost: secōdly, blessed be the howre of your commyng hether, in this tyme of my trouble, with this holie consolacion in Christe, in whom I doo beleue, renouncing the worlde, the flesshe and the deuill, beleuing all the articles of my Christen faithe, acknowleging the blessed Sacramentes to bee the instrumētes to euerlasting life and saluacion in Christ, by the whiche God doeth worke in his Churche to the worldes ende, to theim that shalbe saued: one Trinitee, and three distinct persones coequall in vnitee, in one essence & being is my God: the father created me, the sonne redemed me, and the holy ghost sanctified me, and inspired me, wher by I knowe that I am his elected, and one vndefiled mother the Churche, hath thus taught me, in that blessed booke of Patriarkes, Prophetes, Martyres, and Iesus

Comforte in conscience.

Sacramētes

The holie Trinitee.

The holie Churche.

with his Apostles, whiche is Gods worke: now master Theologus, my time is at hãd. I praie you sate some thing of the resurrection, and then lette vs praie in the name of God together, that it maie please hym, to forgeue me my sinnes, whiche I haue cõmitted againste heauen and yearth, and to receiue my soule into his blessed handes.

Theologus.

Good brother, not onely the doctrine of Prophetes and the Euangelistes, doe promise the Resurrection to come, of some to saluacion, and some to damnacion, but the same resurrection is moste manifeste. As for example: Christ himself and other, did rise, and wer seen to many in Hierusalem: and by the space of. xl. daies, he taught the Apostles, and was conuersaunt with thē: and then ascēded into glory, vntill the time appointed to iudge the quicke and the ded when he shall sende his angelles to gather all flesh vnder heauen, from the. iiij. windes, and sitte doune in iudgement, saiyng: come to me you blessed of the father, and receiue the kingdome prepared for you frō the beginning. Furder he saith, this is the will of my father, which hath sent me, that

Math. xxvii.

Math. xxv.

all

all that doe see the sonne, and beleueth in him, shall haue euerlasting life, and I will raise him in the laste daie: and the holy Apostle saincte Paule moste heauenly doeth preache the resuraeccion to the Corinthiãs

Thy dedde shall liue, saieth Esaie, and thy slain shall rise again: and those which slepe in the duste shall rise: the yearth shall caste forthe their dedde bodies: I will creat both heauen and yearth newe, saieth the Lorde, and put the old out of my remembraunce: many saieth Daniel, that lie a sleepe in the dust, shalbe wakened again, some to life euerlasting, and other to reprobacion. God saieth, I will open their tombes and bring them forthe: and the holy man Job saith: I knowe that my redeamer liueth, and that in the laste daie, he shall raise me againe out of the yearth, and shalbe clothed again with my skin, and in my flesche I shall see God, whõ I shall see with these same ies, and with none other. These are comfortable, and moste true places of holy scripture for the resurreccion of the dead, you are assured in cõscience of this blessed resurrecciõ, & life euerlasting in Christ Jesus our lord.

Esaie. lxvi.

Daniel. xii.

Math. xxv.

Job. xiii.

Ciuis.

Yea forsothe deare Theologus, but my speache is almoste passe, yet I thanke God I knowe you all, and I beseeche hym to blesse you: and when my spirite is gone, I praie you burie my bodie with comelines, not with pompe, and vse it as an instrument, wherin the soule hath dwelled, and whiche the soule shall posses againe in honour, in that blessed resurrection.

Theologus.

Lette vs moste humblie here vpon our knees, with our hãdes lifted vp towardes the heauen: desire God the father for Christes sake, to receiue your soule into his glorious kyngdome.

In exhortacion to death.

O dere citezen reioyce and be glad, that thy labour is almoste past: rest is at hande, feare not the paine of death. For it is impossible to escape that, whiche can not bee fledde, or auoided. For it is written, who is that man that liueth, and shall not see death: none, no not one, therefore, suffer it my sweete harte pacientlie, and that is an argumẽt of good conscience, and of an heauenlie mynde. Your wife mourneth immoderatly, oh God: all flesshe was borne to die. This happened to our parẽtes, as father,

All flesshe shall dye.

ther, mother. &c. And shall not faile to all that shall folowe, vnto thende of the world or comming of Christ. For surelie swete like, was neuer without the exception of bitter death, it is no nouelitie, therfore whē we doe heare tel, of the departure of any of our frendes: let vs not fall into a sodaine passion, as onely the high priest did, which hearyng of the death of his childrē, felle doune and brake his necke. But ratherē- stauntlie with wise Anaxagoras, whiche bearing of the death of his beloued sonne, saied to the messenger: this is no newe tidynges, nor straunge to me, as sone as he was borne, I knewe that he should die: for of natures lawe is learned, like to betaken and resigned, & no man dye, but he whiche haue liued. Oh leaue your lamenting good maistres, why rage you like one, whiche haue no hope. Be absent, or vse moderacō remember holie Job, thesame daies when the Lorde permitted Sathan, not onelie to destroie his seruauntes and cattell, but also before age, in the lustie tyme of youthe, in the feast daie, at one table, his dere childrē of his bodie, were all broken in peces and slain, with the violent fal of the hous.

A constaunt wiseman in aduersitee.

Of Jobs pacience.

What did he, rende his heere or flesshe, no, no: he considered who sent them, and who did take theim, euen the Lorde, whom he moste obedientlie suffred, and reuerentlie thanked. Furder good sister, remember. S. Hieromie, taking GOD to witnesse of an holie woman, whose housebande was ded, whom he moste tenderlie loued: by whom she had but twoo sonnes of singuler beautee, wanting no gift of grace or of nature, whiche bothe died the same daie, wherein their father departed. When this Crosse was, saith. S. Hierom, who would not haue thought that she would haue fallen madd, in rending her heere, breastes, clothes and skin, running vp and doune, wailing and cryng, with pitefull wringing of handes. What did she? Firste, she wepeth not one teare: but moste soberly, with a womanlie countenaunce, she humblie kneeled vpon her knees, holdyng vp her handes, rendryng thankes, and makyng praiers to almightie GOD, saiyng: moste humblie I thanke thee good lorde, for that that it haue pleased thee, to take me into thy seruice, I am sped, oh lorde, for thou haste discharged me. &c. Take also for an example, the moste worthie

A constant woman in trouble.

Counsaill.

worthie constauncie, of that patiente wo- A blessed
man, whiche without moche lamentaciō, woma,
did with her own yen, behold her dere chil ti. Mach. vii.
dren slain, their members cut in peces, and
boiled in caldrens. Marke how constantlie
of late yeres, childrē did se the flesh of their
fathers, mothers. &c. burn in the fire moste
pacientlie sufferyng. And againe, fathers
beholding their childrē doe the like. What
did thei roze like Lions. &c. No, no, but re-
toysed, that God had of their blood & stocke
erected a people, to reigne with him in life,
which witnessed him in death. The exam-
ples should moue al christians, perfit moz-
tificacion is not moche, to lamente foz our
friendes dyng: but rather by the exampls Remember
of their deathes, to remēber our ende, and our ende.
then we shall not sinne. Therefoze, better
it is to go to the house of mournyng, then
to the house of banquettyng. And when it
shall please God to call your housebande
awaie, and the daies of forgetfulnesse shall
approch, as euery thing vnder heauē haue
the time, bothe of mourning and retoysing
When you doe behold your self in a glasse A glasse.
remember your face shalbe leane and pale
your nose rotten, your teeth stinkyng and

blacke, your iyen dimme and blinde, your eares deafe and running, your heeres fallen awaie, your veines broke, your sinues relared and wasted, bones corrupted, bowels full of roomes, and all your flesshe cõsumed. Behold, beholde, you damosels of vanitees and lustie youthe, the pleasure of this worlde howe it endeth, with stincke, filth &c. not reserued after death to any good purpose: as timber when it is cutte doune, but because it is so vile, and will infecte the aire. The corps is inclosed in a pit, as wee daily se, where as it consumeth, as I haue said. Remember this, be not proude of noble parentage, of riches, beautie or cunning but rather consider wher are the old lustie kinges, queenes, lordes, knightes, ladies: where are the old courtiers and valiaunte men of warre: where are the Maiors of cities, lawiers, bisshops, Phisicions: where are all the pleasaunt Musicians: wher are become the old cõmons in euery kingdom wher is become the Popes rotten holines, with all the infernall malignãt sinagoge of antichrist. &c. al are gone and passed like shadowes, wasted and come to nothing, as S. Augustine affirmeth. Oh man saith he

A glasse for faire gentlewomen.

Where are the old noble personages.

De vani. hui⁹ mũdi.

go

goe to the chanell house or graues, take vp the bones, marke well if thou canst know the maister from the seruaunte, the faire from the foule, the riche from the poor, the wise from the foole. &c. thou canst not do it, it is impossible to know the. Well worde: well. What dooest thou promise vnto all them which doe loue thee, perhaps moche riches or dignitee. How noisome to ỳ soule is riches, the verie minister of, or to all, ciuill rule and mischief, as damnable vsury, adulterie, treason, murder, it maketh one proude, high minded, and forgetful of him selfe. It deludeth hym with flatterers, and curtises of hypocrisie, it is the mother of vainglorie, and nourisher of pride and idle life, and lothlie glotonie. It is remembred by our maister Jesus Christe, whiche calleth it thornes: and by his Apostles, which nameth it the roote of all ill. It is the maister of some riche men and women, which kepeth it to their greate hurt. And the foolishe prodigall waster, whiche commonlie succedeth the gatherer, spendeth it sone awaie in wickednes, as it is saied: easie gotten goodes are sone spent. Therefore sufficient or a meane, is well to a christen mā.

The greatest of the deede.

The hurte of ritchesse.

Spende all succedyng Gathrall.

(for

(for fondrie causes.) For thei that will be riche, fall into fondrie temptacions, cares, broken slepes: he gapeth and looketh for moche, & spendeth little, he can not be merie (for feare of losse.) The more he getteth he is neuer satisfied, that is a couetous man but still desireth & neuer pacified, like vnto the drie man in a botte burning feuer. Riches hath poisoned the churche, and transformed the clergie: specially in Roome emong the Popes, and many greate men, whose auncitours did kepe plentifull houses of the one halfe. Whiche now is comes to passe, that now a dales in keping hospitalite, or ministring of charite, but breake vp houses, and hurt many poore, euen for the loue of one glotton, himself which will not well spend it, nor for his childrē which can not well vse riches. For lyke as God doeth plague the sede of extorcioners vile vsurers. &c. What if thei had mountaines of gold, so increased dolour of mind and death scaleth on all flesshe like a theif, and smiteth the money louer, the vsurer, the oppressour, the golden watcheman, the greate officer, marchaunt, the wise gentleman, that hath purchased so moche. What

Couetous menne, still doe couete.

Riches helpe not in the day of vengaunce

is

is thende of this gere, a dedde carkelle, and scant a good winding shete, out of the doze he must to graue, he shall fare well Gloria mundi, and welcome silie wozmes. I praie God that this tourneth not to damnation. Oh what is become of riche Senior Antonius Treasurers, Capax, Rapax, Tenax, Ambodexter (ill gotten goodes are wozse spent.) Sower swetenes, and slipping Ise, the golden intangled hoke, and the drinke of Midas hath vtterly destroied him, and or euer he was aware, death hath slain hym. He loued so well this wozld, and life in the same: that if his Phisicion might haue saued his life, he would haue loste one of his handes, and suffred his flesshe to haue been cut with some broken bones, with the continuaunce of paine, ache and griefe, with dreadfull slepes. And when he did se no remedie, the terrour of conscience tozmented him, dered him, and ouercame him, made him rage and curse the time of his birthe, his life was so bozrible in the yes of God and manne, whose iudgement I doe commende to God, but surelie greate plagues doe remain foz the vngodlie. Therfoze let vs be conuerted, and turne clene from our

what paines man will suffer to flie death

sinnes

Forgeue enemies.

sinnes and wickednesse, and so there shall no sinne do vs harme. Let vs fast and praie hate euill, and cleaue to good: make restitution, forgeue our enemies, abhorre vice, and be sorie that we can not be sorier. Remember our accomptes, and come bee tymes vnto the Lorde, make no tarying to turne vnto the Lorde: put not of from daie to daie. For sodainly shall his wrath come and in time of vengeaunce shall he destroy vs, and except we doe all repente, we shall perishe saieth Christ. Let vs repent therefore, and turne vnto god, that he maie forgeue vs, that our sinnes maie bee doden awaie: that we maie saie. From plague, pestilēce and famine, from battaill and murder, and from sodain death, oh lorde deliuer vs. From hardnes of harte, and contempt of thy woorde and cōmaundement: whiche is the greatest cause of the wrathe and indignacion, oh good Lorde deliuer thy people, for thy holy names sake. Amen. Amē.

Sodaintie cometh vengeaunce.

A praier in trouble or death.

Almightie and moste dere father of heauen, we moste humbly beseche thee for Jesus sake, haue mercie vppon this thy seruaunte, whiche now is nailed to the painfull crosse of death, for Adams offence: im-

pute

pute no ſinne vnto this penitente, whiche moſte willyng hath ſubmitted hymſelf to thy fatherly correccio: but behold thy ſone on the right hand, the onely mediatour for al the elected, whoſe names are written in the booke of life. Let this thy ſeruaunt, we beſeche thee moſt mightie God, haue clene remiſſion and forgeuenes of all his ſinne, by thought, worde and deede, committed againſte thy diuine Maieſtie: now in this perille of death, aſſiſte hym with thy holie aungell, commaunde Sathan to departe, make cleane his conſcience, with a gladde mynde to reioyce onelie in thy mercie, for vaine is the helpe of man, but thy mercie doeth endure for euer: wee are thy people, and the Shepe of thy paſture, to thee wee ſhall geue praiſe for euer and euer. Amen. Hebr. xi. The beſte medicene.

Cluis.

Amen. Amen: Lorde receiue my ſoule into thy handes: thou God of truthe. A bleſſed ende.

Theologus.

THe mightie God of Angels, and the former of al thinges, viſible and inuiſible: in whoſe hãdes is onely life and death, light and darkenes, and all the mocios of the ſoule and bodie, without the A praier in the tyme of death,

moſte

moste mightie God, all thynges had been nothyng, and of nothyng all thynges are made by thee: without thy Christ, and thy blessed spirit, whiche is one coeternall trinitee, all flesshe were accursed, all consciences molested, and all soules vtterlie dampned. From light into darkenesse, from freedome into euerlasting reprobacion: but by Jesus Christ thine onely sonne, we thank thee dere father of all mercie, that now it hath pleased thee, to take to thy mercie at this present time our brother, whom thou hast elected, consecrated, and now he shall by thy mercie and pitee bee sanctified vnto thee, to be a citezen of eternall glorie, now doode flesshe and bloode forsake him, and all his worldlie strength faileth hym. Now is the Organes yeldyng vp, the heauenlie sounde, his soule cometh now vnto thee, good Lorde receiue it to thy mercie, into thine euerlastyng glorie: where as Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, are continuallie, to thee, oh heauenlie father, be incessaunt honour and glorie. AMEN.

Through the holy Trinitie is creacion & saluacion.

A prayer.

¶ The ende of the Dialogue.

A Copie of a letter, to Frances Barlowe, by W. B.

WHē the time of trouble drawethnere (good Frances Barlowe,) as death, whiche shall separate the soule from the body, if we be not ware, and wisely prouident, we shal stand in great daūger of losses: first we shall lose our health, strength and beautie, wherein we haue delighted, and all our censes, as pleasure of sp: the ioye of harte, and the cōfortable sight of the eies, wherwith we do daily behold all the pleasures of this world &c. we shall lose all our furder treasures, landes and substaunce, and also our liues, and as dung be cast into the earth: and finally our soules banished from Gods blessed presence or resting place. Therefore let vs call my Fraunces, to our remembrāce, the fearfull curses of almighty God, against our sinnes, and the cause of our plagues, whiche is our abominable liuing, in sinning against God, in thought, worde and dede, against heauen and earthe, in pride, wrath, idolatrie, fornicatiō, swearing, lust gluttonie, & stopping of our eares against

Vanitee plain vanitee in this world

grace, and the woorde of truthe: let vs call to remembraunce, how that we haue doen wrong to eche other, in woorde, & deede, in slaūdring or in hindring by bargainig. &c. Our brethren, for whom Christ hath died whom we haue hated & not pitied in their extreme sorowes and aduersities, & haue not paied their labours and trauels: let vs repent and call for grace, and reforme now while we are in the waie of grace, & in that that we can not make satisfaction for oure sinnes, by no merites of almes, praiers, oblations. &c. whiche are vncleane in Gods eine, as cōcerning the remission of our sinnes, as Job saieth: how can he be clene that is borne of a woman? beholde, he wil giue no light vnto the Moone, and the starres ar vncleane in his sight, how muche more mā, a worme, euen the sonne of a man, whiche is but a worme, which in beholding of his sinne hath no cause, but to dispaire, and to be dāpned, what remedy in this case? none but with al spede by faith, lift vp your hed, and beholde euen Jesus Christe on Gods right hande, pleading our case, excusing vs to his father, whiche praieth to him for vs, and is heard, and hath bē boen doune, and

Restitucion.

Job. xxiii.

Gods

Gods Aungels set at our bedside with spi-
rituall armour, for vs in this battell of de-
ath against Sathan, to conducte vs to that
happie lande: let vs knele doune, and firste
saie, whatsoeuer God doth sende to vs, life
or death, his name be praysed, his will bee Gods will.
done in earth as it is with his Aungels in
heauen, desiring him to be fed with his li-
uely worde, and blessed sacrament, the im-
mortal fode for the soule, passing al worldly
treasures or phisick for the body: & that it
would please him to pardon our trespasses
and offences, in thought, worde and deede,
against his diuine maiestie, euen as we doe
forgeue our enemies, soche faultes as they
do herein earth against vs, and that in the
time of agonie or paines of death, he suffer
vs not to fall into temptation, or bee ouer-
laden vnder our crosse: but that his hande The lande of
may helpe vs, and deliuer vs frō this vile the liuyng.
life full of miseries, and bring vs into the
lande of the liuing: in doing this, you shall
be moste happie and blessed: let vs submitt
our selues to him that hath made vs, we
haue not made our selues, we are his ves-
sels, and are in his sight, & can nat flee from Genesis.it.
his presence, nor runne beyonde that rase, Sapi.x.

M.v. whiche

whiche he hath appointed vs: he bringeth death, and restoreth again to life in the resurrection. Oh be cõtent to render the same talent, which was but lent vnto you, euen your body, the giftes of nature and grace: commit wife, children, and all to him. He doeth no wrong, he taketh but his owne. Remẽber he brought you in hether naked, and how you doe liue but a smal time, and ar ful of misery: Like a flower for the time and shall passe away like a shadowe. Alas we doe deserue great punishement, but he plageth vs not according to the grauitee of our sinnes, for then were we dampned, or like vnto Sodome, that perished without handes in the daye of Gods wrath and vẽgeaunce. Consider Fraunces, that this is no newes or maruelous chaunce that you should change your life, well, it happened to al your forefathers from Adã, to kinges and all the nobles of the yearth, and to the poore also. Al flesh is grasse, and wormes are the companions to the corse, in darke graue or house of claye. Yet there is a daie whiche God hath appointed whiche none can tel but himself, in whiche he wil iudge both the quick and dead, and call all flesh before

Tob. xiii. Math. xxv. Yelde all to God.

Job. xiiii.

Lamen. iiii.

All flesh is grasse.

Math. xviii. Luke. xx.

before him: both his very elect and the mer
riles reprobates, and then body and soule
shall remayne immortall together, & haue
life euerlasting. This hold fast dere Frau-
ces, as an anker in this storme, from death
to life euerlasting. Holde fast the. xij. arti-
cles of the Christian faith, praie to the end,
onely to God the father by Christ, remem-
ber his promises, that at what time soeuer
a sinner doth repent, he will forgeue. Cal,
he will aunswere vnto thy soule: knocke
and he wil open. This time of your aduer- Eccle. xi.
sitæ and plague of the pestilēce, doth make
you forget all pleasures and delites paste,
euen so remember this worlde is the more
slippry, and the pleasures doe compasse all
vnderstanding to Gods elected. Because I
will conclude, the time draweth at hande
of our deliueraunce, caste your care onelie
vppon God almightie, looke not backe a-
gain, beware of by pathes, either vpon the
right or lefte hande, but treade in the true
path or very waie of Jesus Christ himselfe.
I praie you let Ambrose Barnes, rede the
xv. Chapiter of saincte Jhons Gospell, and
the firste Epistle to the Corinthians, Cha-
piter. xv. If the time had not been somoche

spent, and the venime so daungerous, and the parties so weake and feble, I woulde haue caused you to haue been letten blood and geuen you pilles contra pestem, with cordials accordingly by Gods grace, if that would haue doen you any good, but take this cordiall in good part. Thus God giue you the croune of life, whiche Jesus Christ without our deseruinges, hath purchased for vs in his precious blood. His name bee praised. Amen. Your W. B.

Fare ye well. We muste folowe when it pleaseth God.

To his louyng frende and brother, M.

William Conscience, Minister,

W. B. sendeth Saluation.

Luke. xii. Math. vi.

IF the almightie God do take care for the soules of the aire, and flowers of the fielde, and prouideth nourishement for them, how much more for his beloued men, that do faithfully serue him in the holy ministerie of his worde and sacramentes, visiting the sicke, and burying the dedde? The Capitaine that doeth but serue a mortal Prince, how so euer he spe-

deth,

deth, life, or death, behauing himself wisely and valiauntly againste the enemie, is worthy of worldly fame and honor, moche more the Lordes armoured knight, beyng his Aungel and mouth, betwene him and his people, that stande in daunger, is worthie in Christe to bee noumbred, crouned, and placed emong his Aungelles immortall: by this I knowe that you are no hireling, but (vnder Christe) the true Shepeherde, in that, that you flie not from youre folde, when that Wolfe Sathan with his companion Death, pooe woorke their violence againste the flesh & soule: In this case remember these wordes. Nolite eos timere qui occidunt corpus. &c. Feare not thē, whiche doe kill the bodie, thei can not kill the soule. In this we dooe see what the power of death is, not onely to kille in vs the lower Elementes, whereof the bodie is framed (by sworde, fire, water, sickness. &c. But the soule is not made of any of theim, but the Creatour of al thing, hath made it moste pure of nothing, vpon whiche soule death hath no power, because it is of nature immortall. But so long as bodie and soule are together, & not denided, that is

Gods messenger. Mala. 1.

Ihon. 2.

August. de spiritu & anima. Cap. xliii. &c.

called manne. And whatsoeuer thinges are seen with bodily eyen, are ordeined for the same bodie, and the bodie for the soule, and the soule for God. The life of the bodie is the soule, and the life of the soule is God: so for synne the bodie is ruinated, and shalbe in dust, vntill the resurrection. But in the fal or death of the bodie, the soule dieth not but is deliuered, whē the snare of this flesh is broked. The flesh with the sences are dedde, but Anima cum ratione sua, doe stil liue: therefore I trust and knowe, that you doe consider wisely thre thinges. The first is, the world with the wretchednesse therin, worthy to bee despised. The second, our owne knowledge of our selues, our synne, our sickenesse, and whereof wee are made, euen of repugnaunte ælementes. Thirdly, is to laie hande of eternall blessednesse, remēbring the mercifull promises of God: As come to me all you that are heauie ladē either with affliction of minde, pouertie in Christ, sickenesse or death, and I shall refreshe you. This is the verie Phisicion of the soule, euen Christe, and the perfit quietnesse of conscience. God hath geuen you a talent full godlie, you doe lucrifie the same

Psal. cxxiiii.

The soule dieth not.

Math. xii.

The beste Phisicke.

and

and hide it not. Therfore, it shalbee saied
moste ioyfully: it is well doone good ser-
uaunt and faithfull, thou haste been faith-
full in little, I wyll make thee ruler ouer Math. xxv.
moche, enter into thy maisters ioie. And a-
gaine, he whiche doth continue to thende,
shall haue the croune of life. Bee patiente James. v.
my brother (Conscience) and settle youre
harte, for the commyng of the Lorde dra-
weth nere: and blessed are the dedde, which
dye in the Lorde, for thei shall reigne with
Christe in glory, his name be euer praised:
and his will be fulfilled. Amen. Be of
good comforte, and caste awaye
feare: be merie, let not the
Pestilent corses, nor
the noyse of
belles, ter-
rifie
you.

Inter mortales te non mihi charior vllus:
Te plus, quam verum diligo amoq; fratrē.

Finis.

COLENDISSIMO FRATRI, SVO IN CHRISTO, MAGISTRO Richardo Turnero Theologo, Guilhelmus Bullenus. S. P. D.

REuerendiſsime, & obſeruandiſsime frater, puto te literas meas recepiſſe, in quibus tibi ſcribebam, regimen contra pesteē, ac idcirco modo non ero prolixior in febre peſtilenti. Nā omnis febris quam peſtilentem vocamus prouenit e putredine quæ fit ab exceſſum humidi. Hæc vero [vt inquit Galenus] febrē ex plurima humiditate putrefacta, prouenire prutrefacta ſine dubio potius quam a calore aucto fatendū eſt humiditas. Ideo materia eſt putreſcens in venis vnde calor naturalis valde afficitur & vno die omnes virtutes decidunt vrinæ ſunt fœtentes &c. Galenus, Auic. Raſis, Trallianus. &c. affirmant: in febre peſtilenti eſt multitudo obſtructionum & præcipuè vbi materia vrgit ad cutim & caput. Multitudo materiæ & cruditatum in cauſa eſt. Cura eſt, prohibere putredinē. Obſtructiones

Cauſa peſtis.

Signa peſtis.

Curatio in quam conſideranda.

riones igitur sunt apetiendæ, cum humorū euacatione. Sed si natura mouit, tunc nihil mouendum est. Hoc est autem remedium ℞ vt inquit. Iohannes Baptist. Monta. Vironensis. ℞. Syrup. de Cichorio cū Rhabarbaro ʒ i. ß. aqua Boraginis, acetosæ ʒ 3. in quibus citrum sit impositum & decoctum deinde vnguentum pectorale contra pestē, ℞ vnguenti Rosacei confortatiui mesues ℥. j. specierum cordialium, ʒ j. Sandalorum alborum ʒ j. Rosarum siccarū ʒ ß. misce simul artificiose & fiat linimentū pro corde, & pro toto regione ventris. Mirum est hoc remediñ cōtra venenum pestis. Quod ad rationem victus attinet, vbi est maxima putredo [vt ĩquit Hyppo. 17. Aphoris.] vbi coruptihumores & putridi nihil, perniciosius quam instituere tenuem victū, quia inter, exhibeas ius pulli, & ponas semper in tuo cibo prēter acetosam succū citri. De reliquo velim tibi persuadeas quemadmodū legisti ī Galeno. &c. Vale & vale iterum [eruditiss. vir] sis q; bono animo. Nunc literas cōcludo. Nam plura non opus habeo scribere, ne tuis optimis occupationibus [in vinea domini] importune nunc obstrepere videar. Martij. Incarnati. 1564.

Dicta in tempore pestis.

Tum ad eūd Guil. Lullium.

AMANTISSIMO AC PRO-
biſsimo viro magiſtro T. Gayto
Chyrurgo. Guilihelmus
Bullenus. S. P. D.

BOnam valetudinem, cum corporis tum animi: a deo opt. max. tibi precor (optime vir.) Nihil eſt hoc tẽpore quod tibi ſcribam, quàm quòd libellum quem mihi donaſti, legi, et iterũ legi pro quo tibi ago gratias & habeo vt pro ſumno munere. Nam ex eo & intellexi amorem et animũ quem erga me geris, & operam tuam perſpexi nõ ſolum mihi ſed omnibus qui vbiq; ſunt Anglis futuram vtilitati. Noſtrum enim omniũ haberi poſſunt amatores & cultores, libri tui inſigniſimi. Quã obrem quid magis mihi gratũ eſſe potuit

tuit hoc munere, præsertim cum a tali Chirurgo mihi datū sit? cuius rei nūquam me capiet obliuio, sed quantum potero gratias referri libenti animo faciam. Opto te bene valere, ac interim me tibi comendo doctissimo viro magistro Bactero humillime meis verbis grátias agi meq; plurimum comendare desidero.

Martij. 28. Anno incarnati. 1564.

Tibi deditissimus Guilhelmus Bu.

The Table of this
present booke.

A Poore manne seking reliefe. Fol. 7.
A wiues answer to the poore man. idem
A tale of the poore mannne against couetcousnes. 2. 3. 4.
Antonius Capistranus the richeman. 5.
Antonius the Phisician. idem
A subtile marchaunt man. 6.
Antonies aungelles. idem.
A swete texte idem.
A medler with no scripture. 7.
A good indifferent man. idem.
An infidell. idem.
A man of good religion. 8.
A papist, a protestant. idem.
A nulla fidian. idem.
A fine garden. idem.
A piller in a garden. 9.
Antonies armies. idem.
A good obseruacion idem.
An exclamacion of Skeltō. 10
A saiyng of Chaucer 11.
An admonishion of Lidgat. idē
A young Courtier. idem.
A saiyng of sir Dauie Lindse to Englande and Scotland. 12.
A saiyng of the Phisicion. 13.
Anarus a pettie fogger. idem.
Ambo dexter. idem.
A blacke Sainctus. idem.
Ambo dexter gapeth for Antonius death 14.
A maidē in Antonius house. 14
A simple practise. 15.
A craftie villaine. idem.
A cousin made. 16.
A periurer. idem.
A serpent. idem.
A good companie 17.
A lande where as no sickenesse is. 18.
America. idem.
A dredfull case. 18.
A troubled conscience. 19.
A Pothicaries repentaunce idē
A tymie to purge. idem.
A pereip reward 20
A greate losse. idem.
A knauishe lackey idem.
A mule loste 21.
Aristotle de coelo & mundo. 22.
A discripcion of the soule. 23.
Actus what it is. 24.
Auerlitee 25.
Actius de rei medica .26.
Auicen noteth of the pestil. 27.
Antecedent of the pestilence 28.
Ayre infected idem.
Auicens counsaill. 30.
A pouder for the plague. 31.
A drinke for the pestilence idē.
A perfume for the pestilēce 32.
A medicen for a carbuncle. 34.
A cautat for a Chyrurgian. 35.
A lotion for a sore. 36.
A medicen for the plage sore 16

A

THE TABLE.

A Cicatrice moste best. 39.
A healyng oyntment idem
A Cozdiall idem.
An Epicures talke. 40.
A horsewoman 42.
A nise cockney of London. 43.
A churle incarnate. 53.
A tale of Foxes idem
An epitaph of a couetous. 54.
A young man well nurtred 56.
A parler with many things 57
A taker, a catcher 57.
A wicked iudge. 60.
Note aduertisee 62.
A lesson for a lubbar. 65.
A wretche which refused good counsaill. idem.
A russen. 67.
Amber grice, 69.
A greate losse to England, 70.
A good common wealth. idem
A swimmyng lande. 71.
A prayer in death. 82.
A letter to maister Wyllyam Tilewarde called Cõscience 85.
A letter to maister Richard Turner of Canterburie. 83.
A letter to maister Thomas Gaile Chyrurgian. idem.

B

Beastes did speake. Fol. 45
Bozders in a cloth. 57. to 86
Barnit sickle. 44
Bydes of straunge shapes. 68
Bankruptes. 65

C

Clusters. 30
Closenes in dsury. 72
Chyldren sicke of the mother. Fol. 59
Cruell women. 70
Chrystes death. 82
Carbo e antrax. 33
Causes of the pestilence. 27

D

Dogges and women. 45
Death killeth.
Death worketh. Fol. 78
Death horrible.
Death will not be intreated. 75
Death what it is. 76
Death endeth all. 78
Death destroyeth all. 75
Death apereth with three dartes. 74

F

Flatterers of noble men. 61
Faire fieldes. 73
Feare and dred, idem.
Fre will in man. 83

G

Glosers. 37
God. 23
Golden raake. 58
Good ayre. 29
Good obstruations. 32
Gentle Roger. 75
Galen ad Pisonem. 41
Gentleman what he is. 93
Galen de diffe. feb. 26

H

Honest landlorders. 3